NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment-----Without Compromise.

VOLUME VII.---NO. 7. NEW-YORK. THURSDAY. JULY 16, 1846. WHOLE NUMBER 319.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
BY THE
AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.
At 142 Nassau Street, New-York.

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☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to the Editor.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. Gay, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum: Strictly in advance in all cases.

H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Selections.

MR. HALE'S SPEECH.

The last New Hampshire Statesman contains the speech of John P. Hale, entire, upon the Anti-Slavery resolutions in the New Hampshire House of Representatives. It is all well worth reading, but we have room only for the following capital passages:

Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Sanborntown says he is an Anti-Slavery man. I don't doubt it. But he also says that he wants to remain in his party, and be an Anti-Slavery man at the same time. He can't do it—he cannot do it, Sir. He says he is a Democrat. I don't doubt that—not in the least! But I wish he would go further, and while asserting his democracy, assert also his manhood. I wish he would remember that he is something higher and nobler than a Democrat—a man, an honest man—and that he would throw off the party harness, and speak out like a man! But he can't—because he wants to stay in his party. I wanted to stay in the party, too. But I couldn't, because it seemed proper to me to speak my sentiments on one peculiar topic. There was a feeling in my heart in relation to Slavery and its extension which I desired to express. It was uncomfortable to keep it bosomed up. I did express it; the experiment was tried; and the result was—*I could not stay in the party.* The party cry of "throw him overboard" was raised at once, and they commenced the work of "throwing overboard"—beginning with me and going on till at last they had not hands enough left to man the ship. Sir, I sincerely sympathize with my friend. He will soon be at issue with his party, and cast out of the ranks, unless they have learned something from the past. What was it the gentleman said—*experientia docet?* I have nearly forgotten my Latin, Sir, but I suppose the plain English of that is that experience *doses;* and truly, unless the party have had *doses* enough of experience lately, my friend cannot long stay with them! So much for that.

But the gentleman from Exeter does not like the preamble, though assenting to the resolution. He is like the man who found no fault with the entertainment at a public table, but could not relish the trimmings. The statements of this preamble are the trimmings—and are they not all true? The gentleman objected to the declaration that the purpose of Government, in annexing Texas, was to strengthen and perpetuate human Slavery. Is it not true? There are some things, Sir, to be taken for granted—so obvious as to need no [illegible] proof. Circles, for instance, are not squares, and squares are not circles; and, if this be an axiom in mathematics, there are in ethics and politics other things equally axioms. This declaration is one such thing, and I really had not supposed that one man could be found, with mind sufficient to comprehend the position, who would venture to doubt its entire truth. Is all that to be gone over again? Has it come to this, that in the Legislature of New Hampshire, on the 25th of June, 1846, we are called upon to *prove* that the express purpose—not the *sole* purpose as had been erroneously quoted, though the statement would be entirely correct even to that extent—that the *express purpose* of Government in the annexation of Texas was to extend and perpetuate Slavery? If it has, then I don't know what we shall not be called upon to prove! Why, Sir—will gentlemen admit the existence of Texas? Will they allow that there is any such country? That Slavery exists there? That there are different shades of color among its inhabitants? They may deny it if they choose, but it is true for all that, and the assertion in this preamble is just as true.

How, Mr. Speaker, does Government act in any question, except through its regular constitutional organs? And when the Secretary of the United States speaks by direction of the President, and when Congress bases its official action upon the Secretary's communications, then I say that Government speaks and acts—or else we have no action of the Government. The resolution does not say that Mr. Woodbury, or Mr. Buchanan, or Mr. any one else sought this annexation for that purpose, but that *the Government* so sought it. It speaks of the *Government*. GOVERNMENT desired to have Texas for the sake of extending Slavery! And let any gentleman stand up if he dare, and deny the truth of this! Why, Sir! This extension and perpetuation of negro Slavery was the prominent feature, the great merit of the whole affair. It was avowed and declared plainly, boldly, boldly, and unequivocally—and, till to-day, I had supposed the matter too plain to be questioned. Look at what is said by Mr. Upshur, then Secretary of State, in a letter to Mr. Murphy, dated August 8th, 1843:

> "Few calamities could befall this country more to be deplored, than the establishment of a predominant British influence, and *the abolition of domestic Slavery in Texas.*'

Here we have it. The greatest calamities the United States could experience are, says Mr. Upshur, 1st—"the establishment of a predominating British influence," and 2d—"the abolition of domestic Slavery in Texas." Can this be misunderstood? And again, the same Secretary says, Jan. 16th, 1844—

> "I will only add, that if Texas should not be attached to the United States, she cannot maintain that institution [Slavery] ten years, and probably not half that time."

Is that plain? Do gentlemen understand that? Unless Texas were annexed to this country, she could not maintain Slavery ten years, and probably not five—and to prevent the abolition of Slavery this project of Annexation has been urged again and again, till at last it is effected.

Turn now to the declarations of Mr. Secretary Calhoun. In his letter to Mr. Pakenham, April 18th 1844, he holds this language:

> "Without, then, controverting the wisdom and humanity of the policy of Great Britain, so far as her own possessions are concerned, it may be safely affirmed, without reference to the means by which it would be effected, that, could she succeed in accomplishing in the United States what she avows to be her desire, and the object of her constant exertions to effect throughout the world, [the abolition of Slavery] so far from being wise or humane, she would involve in the greatest calamity the whole country, and especially that race which it is the avowed object of her exertions to benefit."

And to Mr. Green, the next day, he says—

> "The step [Annexation] was forced on the Government of the United States in self-defence, in consequence of the policy adopted by Great Britain in reference to the abolition of Slavery in Texas. It was impossible for the United States to witness with indifference the efforts of Great Britain to abolish Slavery there. They could not but see that she had the means in her power, in the actual condition of Texas, to accomplish the objects of her policy, unless prevented by the most efficient measures; and that, if accomplished, it would lead to a state of things dangerous in the extreme to the adjacent States, and the Union itself. Seeing this, the Government has been compelled, by the necessity of the case, and a regard to its constitutional obligations, to take the step it has, as the only certain and effectual means of preventing it."

Why, this covers the ground all over. "The only certain and effectual means of preventing it." Preventing what? What but the abolition of Slavery, which Mr. Upshur had before designated as one "of the greatest calamities that could befall this country? Nothing else in the world but this. Why, then, does any gentleman—how can any gentleman, in view of these official declarations, say that the Government has not sought the annexation of Texas for the purpose of maintaining and extending Slavery! I am utterly astonished at it; and the more so because, in all the diplomatic correspondence on the subject, the candor with which this object was avowed is worthy of all praise, whatever be the character of the object itself. Then if this be so, as is clearly shown, why not say so? Why not declare it? Gentlemen say it is not expedient. Sir, I know nothing of that expediency which seeks to suppress the truth. Let it come out. Speak it openly—speak it boldly—stifle it not. I have been in the habit of speaking out, and I think it is expedient.

* * * * * *

But the gentleman from Sanborntown is opposed to Slavery! So he may be—so he is, as far as many others are opposed to it, and that is just so far as such opposition will not affect the Democratic party. Tell him that Slavery is an evil, a curse, and a wrong—he assents of course. Say to him that it ought to be abolished—he agrees without hesitation. But ask him to help place New Hampshire right on this subject, and he stops short. That would hurt the Democratic party—he can't stand that. Such is the case with him, and he is not singular in the position either. Thousands in both the Whig and Democratic ranks occupy precisely the same ground. Some time ago I chanced to speak on this subject at Keene, and at the close of the meeting a Whig said to a Democratic friend—"Well, what do you think of this? Your party dare not touch this question for fear of political injury." "But," asked the other, "how is it with you?" "Oh!" was the reply, "the Whigs have always been right on the matter." So it is. The Democrats do not care how far this question may split up the Whigs—the Whigs are willing it should entirely distract the Democrats—the Abolitionists like to see both parties crumble. Each looks out for himself, the common cry is—"don't touch our party alone." The gentleman from Sanborntown says so himself, and is honest in so saying. He seems to think, however, that this movement is only got up here now to ensure the success of the "allied army"—as it has recently been named—over the democracy. Sir, the *democracy* of New Hampshire can never again rally around their ancient standard. That is torn "to tatters—to very rags." I have seen a great many Democrats lately, but I have not yet met the first man, strange to say, who was not always opposed to the course of the party on this topic, and upon the radical measures it has sustained. Never, indeed, was a poor bantling more unceremoniously kicked into the street by its own friends and fathers, than the Democratic policy of this State has been, since the last election, by the Democrats themselves. The only danger the other side have now to apprehend, is the recoil. Democracy may take the back track, perhaps, and seek to outstrip its opponents in that path. The party may possibly go ahead of us in our own road, but that it will ever again be organized under the dictation of the Patriot, or upon the platform of 1839, I have no fears. *That* question is settled, be it as it may with the *Texas* question.

But these same gentlemen, Sir, do great and monstrous injustice to their friends abroad. Their conduct toward their Southern brethren is mean in the extreme. Why don't they come out with the openness and candor of the South on this subject? I [illegible], while they have all Mr. Calhoun's pernicious opinions and erroneous views, they had half his manly honesty and straight-forwardness in avowing and defending them. It is refreshing to read such language as we find from Mr. Calhoun and Gov. Hammond, after the miserable and contemptible twaddle we are surfeited with, here at the North. Hearken to the last gentleman I named:

> "I think, then, I may safely conclude, and I firmly believe, *that American Slavery is not only not a sin,* BUT ESPECIALLY COMMANDED BY GOD *through Moses,* AND APPROVED BY CHRIST *through his Apostles.* And here I might close its defence, for what God ordained and Christ sanctifies, should surely command the respect and toleration of man."

I like that. Gov. Hammond thinks so, and he says so boldly. There is no evasion, no dodging, no skulking here. He marches up to the line and lays the doctrine right down, without reservation or quibbling. And the gentleman from Sanborntown, too, must march right up and face the mark, or he will be excommunicated and driven out from the party. Again the Governor says:

> "I endorse without reserve, the much-abused sentiment of Gov. McDuffie, that 'Slavery is the corner-stone of our republican edifice;' while *I repudiate, as ridiculously absurd,* that much-lauded but nowhere accredited dogma of Mr. JEFFERSON, that 'all men are born equal.'"

Right, Sir, right! What wretched nonsense for the democracy of New Hampshire to resolve that the abolition of Slavery would be a public calamity, and at the same time pretend to have anything to do with that "*dogma*" of Jefferson's. Gov. Hammond throws it entirely aside, and under his management the car moves on. But how are our Northern Democrats to reconcile these two Jeffersons the one with the other? They acknowledge the authority of both—how are they to be made to appear consistent? Sir, the party is sadly in need of some powerful apparatus, some grand alembic in which its discordant components may be brought together, and by some patent process of political alchemy transformed into a harmonious, beautiful, pro-slavery, pro-Texas, conglomerated and aggregate democracy! Mr. Speaker, gentlemen cannot reconcile their actions with their professions, their conduct with their creed—nor can they defend their course on any ground of consistency. It cannot be done. If God be their God, let them serve him, but if Baal, let them serve Baal. But do not let us, the Legislature of New Hampshire, be guilty of the miserable inconsistency of professing to abhor Slavery, and yet striving for its perpetuation.

* * * * * *

Sir, if God were, to-night, to judge this people for the sin of Slavery, New Hampshire would drink more deeply of the bitter cup of retribution than South Carolina herself. Last year, New Hampshire was a greater bar to liberty, stood more in the way of freedom, than South Carolina. And why? I will tell you why. When the subject of Slavery is introduced on the floor of Congress, a member from South Carolina rises and addresses the House. He goes, of course, in favor of Slavery—he speaks for it and votes for it—upholds it in all its relations—and supports, in order to sustain it, the gag-rule, the Mexican war, and everything else which tends in its favor. But of what avail is all this? He exercises no influence, not a particle—except so far as his own individual vote goes—because he is pleading his own case. Slavery is his peculiar institution. He was born under it, reared under it, and has lived under it. He must support it—he cannot do otherwise. But next rises a member from New Hampshire. Every eye is fixed upon him—every ear is opened wide to hear what he may utter. Here—this is the feeling—here comes one from the "Gibraltar of Democracy," the mountain home of liberty—whose winds breathe of liberty as they sweep through her valleys, whose eagles scream of liberty as they soar above her towering hills. What has he to say? The panting breasts of the oppressed throb high with hope that now, at least, some truth will be told that shall strike conviction to the mind even of the oppressor, some considerations urged that shall lighten the galling yoke of bondage. He speaks—and what is it? Cold, heartless, worthless, commonplace. He is in favor of what? Why, of liberty in the abstract—until the assertion of liberal doctrine *touches the Democratic party,* when lo! he turns round, and votes side by side with the member from South Carolina, just exactly, and just as far, as the slaveholder wishes him vote. Do you not see that this man exerts far more influence in favor of Slavery than the other? Is it not plain that his voice is ten thousand times more potent than any voice from the South, to perpetuate the accursed institution and rivet still more tightly the fetters on the thrall-bowed slave? Let any gentleman deny it, if he can. Would to God it *could* be denied!

ANTI-SLAVERY.

We congratulate the Boston *Christian Register* that it has at length found courage to declare that "we have something to do with it." As the subject is engaging the attention of Christians and philanthropists, and is to be taken out of the hands of the few fanatical Anti-Slavery leaders, we ask, emphatically, of the Register—"give us your plan." If the fanatics have heretofore got ahead of the Christians, we may be sure the Register will not be behind-hand when those he esteems such, take hold of this question. Some of the chief priests are beginning to look at it, and there are those who are never so wanting in reverence as to venture beyond them:

An anonymous and unknown correspondent severely reproves us for publishing an account of the proceedings of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and threatens to withdraw his name as a subscriber, if such things are to appear in future. We are sorry to have been the cause of such feelings to any one, but cannot help thinking that our correspondent will feel differently, when he has thought more carefully upon the subject. Under the head of general intelligence we notice such items of news, as we suppose may interest our readers. If a remarkable murder is committed; if there should be among us an insurrection, or an attempt to assassinate Gov. Briggs, we should give notice of it, and our subscriber probably would find no fault with us. Why, then, should the Anti-Slavery Society be singled out, as a subject about which no intelligence should be given? Are their proceedings so much worse than the crimes of Albert J. Tirrell, that they cannot even be named in a brief abstract without wounding the moral sensibilities of religious men? If the Anti-Slavery movement is a trifling matter, such a notice as we have given can do no harm. If it be one of the great movements of the times, agitating this country from one extreme to the other, as no other subject does, and every year becoming more serious, we cannot wink it out of sight. Our silence will only cause its voice to be heard more loudly. It must engage the attention of the sober, thinking men of the community. It is well that they should watch its progress; that they should see the extravagant excesses into which it is bursting out; and strive not to suppress it, not to stop it;—else it will overwhelm and crush them;—but to guide it, to bring to bear upon it the influence of wise thoughts and a Christian zeal.

It is idle to say, that it is a subject which does not concern us. It meets us at every turn. It is the great question of the age, throughout the whole civilized world. It is not the exclusive property of a few fanatical Anti-Slavery leaders in Massachusetts. It is engaging the attention of Christians and philanthropists everywhere, at the North and at the South,—in Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, and even the Bey of Tunis has abolished Slavery throughout his dominions as inconsistent with his ideas of right. The doom of Slavery is sealed; and it must soon take its place with piracy and the Slave-Trade, both of which were once honorable employments. It must go down. The religion, the morals, the intelligence, the enterprise, and the selfish interests of the age, are conspiring against it. The only question is as to the time and the means. Shall it be left entirely in the hands of fanatics—the two extremes at the North and the South? Or shall the ablest and wisest men of the nation give to it their profoundest thought, and devise the most peaceful and effective means for its entire removal?

The subject [illegible] passion. Three millions of human beings, kept in bondage by a nation of Christians, whose great law of religious duty towards man is, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,—by a nation of freemen, whose first article of political rights is, that all men are born free and equal,—are an object, the thought of which may call forth tears of sorrow and penitence, may make us tremble lest the righteous judgment of heaven should fall upon us, and lead us to give up all our powers of thought and action to devise and carry out the means for its removal. But we cannot regard it with petulance or levity. Nor can we throw it aside as having nothing to do with us. When our ships are lying idle at the wharves, when we are spending three millions of dollars a week, to say nothing of the waste of life and morals;—when more than twenty-five thousand men are called out from the free States to shed their blood in an infamous war brought upon us by the influence and for the extension of Slavery, it is an insult to our intelligence, to tell us that we have nothing to do with the subject. We cannot escape it. It meets us at every turn. It is the controlling power in our political movements. It makes our laws, appoints our officers, and without our consent declares war. It is dividing and tearing in pieces our churches. It is threatening civil disorganization and disunion. All this it is now doing; and it will not do to close our eyes against it. The question is one that we must meet, calmly, deliberately, with our best thoughts and our most fervent prayers. In this way, by devising the most effectual means of removing a deep seated, and otherwise fatal disease,—in this way, and in this alone, shall we prove ourselves the true conservatives of the public peace.

From the New-York Evangelist.

THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND AND SLAVERY.

A great excitement has lately prevailed in Scotland, on the question of sending back the money received by the Free Church of Scotland from slaveholding churches in this country. The escaped slave, Frederick Douglass, has been speaking to immense audiences, with great effect. A meeting was recently held in Finsbury chapel, London, at which the truly eloquent slave was received with enthusiastic applause. Rev. Dr. Campbell was among the speakers. We say, *the truly eloquent slave,* for whatever difference there may be as to the wisdom of agitating so violently on this point of sending back the money, there can be but one conviction as to the remarkable ability of Frederick Douglass. And an escaped slave from Christian America, who can take a place beside some of the most eloquent speakers in England, and not suffer in the comparison, cannot but awaken a powerful sympathy there in regard to his brethren in bondage. The wickedness of a system which would keep such men as property, to be bought and sold, receives in this way a demonstration, the power of which nothing can gainsay or resist.

We are of opinion, that while the churches may not deem it proper to exclude all slaveholders from Christian communion, because in some cases Christians may be compelled to stand in that relation, and duty on the whole, may, for the present, make it necessary; yet the greatest care should be taken, lest the necessity and example of a few be admitted to shield from a proper reprobation the guilt of the many, and the undeniable iniquity of the whole system. The Free Church of Scotland, in its necessity of excusing and defending the course of its deputies in this country, may be in danger of bending too far backwards, in danger of losing some of its abhorrence of Slavery itself. Just so it is in this country. And in each case, the course of violent men makes it a matter of difficulty to steer between extremes.

Mackenzie the Murderer.—James K. Polk, in sending this dastardly and atrocious wretch to Havana, on business appertaining to the Government, most grossly insulted and outraged the democracy, to whom he is so deeply indebted for his undeserved elevation to the position he now occupies, with disgrace to himself and detriment to his country. The only possible motive he could have in thus selecting a cowardly, treacherous monster, whose very name is loathed by every brave and honest man, must have been that of an unworthy dislike to the father of young Spencer. Every person speaks of the appointment as one of the most infamous acts ever perpetrated by any administration, and one which should forever sink its author in the esteem of all good men.—*Subterranean.*

The Standard.

THE RURAL FAIR.

In our editorial columns will be found a letter giving a long account of the Fair at Dedham. A number of letters from the Fair Post-Office have been sent us for publication, which are below. Following them are the letters to the Committee. We shall publish reports of the speeches as fast as we get them and have room.

DEAR SIR:—You ask me the sentiments of the North upon Slavery. Instead of giving at length my own opinion, I send you a scrap of verse which some poor cracked, but still not wholly maudlin poet, regaled himself by writing yesterday morning:

God of the Free, whose mighty hand
Delivered us from English kings,
In whose high name this growing land,
Her gathering notes of triumph sings.

Be patient with us in our shame,
Forgive us Father that "thy race"
Can still that sacred title claim
And sully it before thy face.

O, touch our whitening lips with flame,
O, make our dead hearts feel thy rod,
That we may dare to speak thy name,
That we may dare to call Thee GOD.

And make us patient. Lord we know
How Thou hast borne with us in sin.
In sorrow Thou did'st make us sow,
Long ere the harvest growth came in.

O, make us patient. Be our speech
Steady and firm; not passionate.
For, Father, did not Jesus teach
That words of peace should conquer hate?

O, Father, by thy holy Son
Whom Thou did'st send to make us free,
O, Father, by the hopes we've won
Of this our nation's destiny,

Grant us Thy strength, that we be strong.
Grant us Thy love, that we be kind.
Bind us together—and ere long
Our twined force the race shall bind.

Great God who spreadest forth thine arm
And gatherest the nations in:
Hear Thou our prayer—our passions calm—
The patient and the mild must win.

PARSON'S HALL, July 21, 1846.

DEAR SIR:—Knowing that you have a rich experience in the follies and the wisdom of the world, as well as a just appreciation of what is profound in thought, and beautiful in poetic taste—I send to you the following, concerning—*Differences of Taste in Preaching*—

Some like logic, close, profound;
Some what's simple, clear, and sound;
Some like pathos, warmth, and glow;
Some like metaphor, and show:
Some like whining, cry, and cant;
Some like raving, noise, and rant;
Some to see their neighbors hit;—
Then the coat's a perfect fit,—
When the garment's cut for them,
Then the fitness they condemn,—
Apply it to the Prince of Evil,
And wish the parson to the Devil.

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Go on! God speed thee on thy way!
Thou shalt rejoice, the victory won;
But though thou ne'er shouldst see that day
'Tis naught to thee; go on! go on!

The slave who loathes his galling chain,
And makes unheard his bitter moan;
Methinks he groans out in his pain,
Friend of the slave; go on! go on!

His brethren in this Northern land,
Cry out to thee in earnest tone;
To thee and all thy faithful band,
Friend of the slave; go on! go on!

In the dense crowd the voice is heard,
'Tis with you when you seem alone,
Bids you anew your spirit gird,
And still repeats; go on! go on!

ELF.

"THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN."

Maiden! just passing now the thoughtful hour
When girlish joys and merry sportings change,
And life, now widening to a larger range,
Calls thee to wield a righteous woman's pow'r;
Oh! heed not worldly counsellors, who say
Wise common-places on thy "proper sphere,"
But let thine actions make it plain and clear
That thou th' appeal wilt never disobey
Of highest duties. Loud thy brothers call
On thee, sweet maiden. Blinding not thine eye
To man's vile deeds, to things that may appal
But not defile thine active purity,
No parlor plaything, but a worker strong,
Help our dim eyes to know the right from wrong!

JULY 4, 1846.

Sons of New England—children of a race,
That dared be free, when Freedom had no name,
Rise in the waiting silence of this place,
And Freedom's rights, the rights of man proclaim!
Speak out the earnest promptings of the soul,
The God you serve, shall hear and bless the whole.

This be the lesson—each majestic pine
"Though fixed in earth, still heavenward has its aim,
Untaught by changeful breezes to incline
To right or left—but rising still the same.
So in the majesty of manhood's power,
Aspire, ascend, with each progressive hour.

"Optima vita brevissima semper,"
Dear Sir, I'm afraid yours might not last much longer,
But Fate gave you (good luck!) such a terrible *temper*,
That I truly know few whose life-prospects are stronger!

VERITAS.

DEDHAM ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR,
4th JULY, 1846.

REV. G. E. ELLIS—FRIEND:

If you are like the greater part of those who have come over the railroad to-day, you think us fanatics—a praiseworthy sort, perhaps, inasmuch as we have a praiseworthy object in view, but still fanatics, men and women, of one idea, to which we sacrifice everything, so bent upon our end that we have no judgment or discretion in regard to means. Well. Doubtless such a character is conceivable. I understand perfectly your idea of us, and accept it as a possible phase of the human mind. But, understanding you perfectly, and feeling bound in honesty to acknowledge the charge if I felt it true, I yet say, in all seriousness, that such is not our character, and that in common with the majority of our fellow-citizens, you misconceive us.

I understand a fanatic to be one who, in his devotion to one idea, magnifies its relative importance, distorts it from its true place and bearing on other ideas, and thus loses his true centre and balance, and is put out of relation to the truth of things. You charge us with being filled with the idea of the freedom of the slaves, to the exclusion of all other ideas, of pursuing our end of justice to them, even to the doing of injustice to others, of magnifying our cause (which is, doubtless, a great one, you say, and to be attended to, *judiciously*) above everything else, and, thereby, distorting our views and compromising our success.

I am not going to defend myself by denying your premises. I freely confess that we do magnify our cause above every other, that we do judge Church and State, society and individuals, by its standard. For myself, I am free to declare that it is, to me, in the place both of Church and State. I rest my defence upon a denial of your conclusion—that this, in these United States, in this year, 1846, for a man who calls himself a republican, and pretends to be a Christian, *is* fanaticism. I call it sober sense, and the only undistorted view of things. I am sure it is not the result of passion, or prejudice, of hatred to the slaveholder, or defiance of public opinion, or any of the unworthy motives that are usually imputed. It is the result of the sober progress of my mind, seeking to find its duty, and the true way of a manly life.

But is it fanaticism? I would ask you if you acknowledge a few facts—if not there is no arguing with you. Do you not acknowledge that the slave power governs us?—that it is at the bottom of Florida wars, annexations of Texas, invasions of Mexico—that it takes what liberties it pleases with the Constitution and laws, takes away the right of petition, imprisons colored freemen, makes Washington a great slave-jail—in short, that we are, in sober truth, not under the rule of a republic, but of an oligarchy of 250.000 slaveholders? Of course, I don't mean that they tyrannize over us in every way, because there are some things they don't care to do, and beyond a certain depth, I presume, we should not allow them to enter our *pockets*.

Do you not acknowledge that this state of things has been brought about through that seemingly unimportant compromise in the Constitution, which permitted the continued existence of Slavery? Do you see, as matters are going on now, any reasonable prospect that the North will ever have the power to repeal this compromise, without a separation?

Again, do you recognize the law of God, or the law of man, as the highest authority? I know your reverend divines virtually tell you the latter, but I say—'tis my fanaticism,—that the truth is not in them, and that the law of God is to be obeyed first, and foremost. I know wise men on Change shake their heads, and say such doctrines are incendiary—they will make mischief with our Government. Let them—while we have a higher law to guide us. Do we paralyze all our strength, and become useless and powerless, by coming out from a corrupt and wicked Government? Think you in a time of revolution, the existence of a body of men so large, and of such moral power as actually to have brought on the revolution, would go for nothing in preserving order, and establishing a better state of things? Or are you afraid of the South in such a crisis? Brave man! . . . . . .

If it were in *you* to say the word, Slavery would be abolished.

Again, is it fanaticism to make our cause so prominent, when we see it corrupting the whole moral principle of the North, until now there is no soundness in it? Should not a cry of indignation have rung out at the Annexation of Texas, if we had been really freemen? Who but a few fanatics spoke? Should not our pulpits resound with our great national sin, if we were really Christians? I put it to you as an honest man, what is the religion and morality of the North? I say it is cant and hypocrisy outside, and Mammon worship within,—and I make all allowance for all the barbarous Jewish prejudices our fathers drew from the Old Testament, and transmitted as their most precious legacy, to us, their children, prejudices, and superstitions, for which I know we are not wholly accountable, and which time alone will cure. Still, how near is the North to acting up to her conscience? You, as an honest man, shall answer.

Ah, I might write much more, but think us serious, friend, and read our books, particularly Stephen Foster's Brotherhood of Thieves—a title I presume he gave it, that it might *not* be read, (yet he is a nobly self-devoted man, doing his duty as he understands it, better than you and I,)—where the Church speaks for itself—and T. Weld's Testimony of One Thousand Witnesses, where Slavery speaks for itself—take our organ, the Standard—and believe me, *at least,*

A SOBER FANATIC.

LETTERS TO THE COMMITTEE.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 14, 1846.

DEAR MRS. CHAPMAN:—I have received your note inviting me to attend the "Festival of Freedom," to be held at Dedham on the 4th proximo. It is quite uncertain whether official duties will permit me to leave Washington at that time. Matters of vast importance to our country and to mankind, are yet to come before us for deliberation, before our final adjournment. The nation is now incurring an expense of half a million of dollars daily, in order to open up new slave markets, and to extend the curse of human bondage upon territory heretofore consecrated to freedom by the laws of Mexico. This vast expenditure is to be borne, principally, by the laboring men of Massachusetts, Ohio, and other free States. In carrying out these designs, hundreds of our officers, and soldiers, have fallen by disease, and by the arms of their Mexican brethren, and thousands more are doomed to die in the prosecution of this unholy war. Their places are to be filled by the young men of our Northern States who are called to go to the Rio Grande, and meet the dangers of war, and of pestilence, in order to extend and perpetuate an institution, which they execrate. When, in 1813, we saw the conscripts of France torn from their homes, and marched to their graves, in a foreign clime, at the command of an ambitious tyrant, our hearts bled in sympathy for a people thus oppressed. But when conscripts are ordered by a Presidential usurper, to leave their homes in our free States, and march to Mexican graves, for the abhorrent purpose of imposing Slavery upon a free people, we are struck with profound astonishment; we hesitate, tremble, and submit; while to each other, and to the world, we vociferously proclaim ours to be a land of liberty, and our people *free*.

The usurpations of power, the abuses, and oppressions, to which the people of the free States are now subjected, are incomparably greater than those which called our fathers to the ensanguined fields of Lexington, of Bunker Hill, of Saratoga, and of Yorktown. With folded arms we view with wonder and amazement a revolution in our Government, characterized by usurpations unparalleled in the history of our nation, and already marked with horrors and bloodshed.

As I understand the object of your meeting is to put forth your efforts to awaken the public mind to a consideration of the present condition of the people of the North, as well as that of the slaves of the South, I assure you it would afford me pleasure to meet with the friends of freedom on that occasion, and to the extent of my humble influence, encourage the hearts and strengthen the hands of those distinguished philanthropists and pioneers in the Anti-Slavery cause, mentioned in your kind note.

Deeply convinced that success will crown our efforts, so soon as *union* shall characterize the labors of those who are seeking to purify our nation from the crimes of Slavery, I feel anxious to promote a friendly interchange of sentiments among those sincerely devoted to that object, although they may differ as to the means of attaining it.

For the kind expressions as to my humble labors in the cause, contained in your note, I tender my grateful thanks. I only wish they had been better deserved. Be assured of my high respect.

J. R. GIDDINGS.

MEDFORD, June 19th, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have received your kind note inviting me to join you at Dedham on the 4th of July. I am very glad to have it; though I assure you I needed not your eloquent appeal to make me long to be there. I have all along intended to go, with, or without invitation,—having no doubt of a welcome among those whose hearts are beating together in the cause of our *poor, suffering* brethren, to whom the "Anniversary of Freedom" is a sham and a mockery, which can bring to them no associations of pleasure.

You speak of the possibility that Mr. Giddings may be there. I revere him as a true man, brave for the right. I would go a long way for the privilege of taking him by the hand, and saying a few words to him out of the depths of my soul. He has taken the position of a martyr, and nobly sustained it. We cannot too highly appreciate the moral courage that has borne him up, under the scorn and insult to which he has been daily and hourly exposed, among the slaveholders and their abettors, at Washington.

Cassius M. Clay, too! How I have honored him. How eagerly I have read his paper, when it was not stopped on its way. What hopes I have entertained from his great mission of Humanity! But what shall we say now? Conceive of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, on a plantation in Virginia, rearing babies for the New Orleans market, or Wendell Phillips in command of a slave-ship, or Wm. H. Channing doing a profitable business as a slave auctioneer, in the capital of the republic, with the banner of stars and stripes—*especially stripes*—waving over him, and you get some idea of my feelings when I heard of *him*, the champion, the martyr, almost, of liberty and right,—as marching, with his dragoons, to the [illegible] which he himself denounced in ad[illegible] to be dealt with by the English language. "Is there no virtue extant?" In the atmosphere of the South so corrupt that no genuine principle can come to maturity in it? "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, and the faithful fail from among the children of men." I have no theory that will explain the phenomena of this Cassius.

It is a matter of exceeding regret to me, that I cannot be with you on that interesting occasion. There is to be a celebration here,—an oration in my church,—afterwards a pic-nic in a grove, with addresses, music, &c.; a gathering of the whole people. Though I am freed from the oration, I cannot refuse to preside through the day. It is a temperance celebration, but we shall by no means be confined to that topic. The rights and the wrongs of humanity shall not be forgotten. The outrage done to the first principles of American liberty, in the persons of one-sixth part of our countrymen, shall not be forgotten. The wail of suffering millions crying out for light, and freedom, and justice, and mercy, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, shall not be forgotten on that day.

If, indeed, we recognize God as our Father, and all His children as our brothers and sisters, we cannot be indifferent to the sorrows and oppressions of any part of the human family. The wrongs of the slave, however distant, are our wrongs. His cries cannot reach our ears, but his agonies reach our hearts. We feel his stripes upon our backs. The iron of his fetters enters into our souls. Our liberty is impaired,—we cannot move our limbs freely, or take a long breath, while our brother-man is in bonds. We cannot banish him from our hearts, and pass by on the other side, when he has fallen among thieves, and is robbed, wounded, and bleeding, as if he were no concern of ours. If we can do nothing more, we can, at least, join the cry that goes up to God from the deep soul of humanity, appealing from the injustice of an earthly brother, to the compassion of a Heavenly Father.

Nothing afflicts me more than the tone of indifference, and levity even, which I often hear on this subject. I ask myself if this is indeed a Christian country in which the miseries and wrongs of millions of God's children are thus lightly treated? Suppose that a single one only of our fellow-men were converted into property—all his natural rights taken away,—his soul defrauded of all genial culture—himself, his wife, his children, sold to merciless task-masters, carried to separate and unknown regions, never to see each other more, there to be driven with whips to labor for which they are not paid, to delve the earth for bread which they may not eat,—why, if such a tale of horror and sin were told among us, and we should hold our peace, one would think that "the very stones would cry out."

Most truly, and affectionately yours,

C. STETSON.

SPEECHES AT DEDHAM.

MR. EMERSON'S REMARKS.

MR. PRESIDENT:—I am struck, as others who have addressed you, with the singular spectacle which our recent politics exhibit. In its connection with the Federal Government, a despair has crept over Massachusetts, and over New England, in regard to those objects which our people naturally love and aim at. The active, enterprising, intelligent, well-meaning, and substantial part of the people find themselves paralyzed and defeated everywhere, by the foreign and newly-arrived portion of the citizens, by the youthful, by the uneducated, and by the unscrupulous voters, and by those reckless persons who have assumed to lead these masses.

The creators of wealth, the conscientious and responsible persons, those whose names are given in as fit for jurors, referees, for offices of trust, those whose opinion makes public opinion, and who, in any crisis of public danger, would be the class most relied on, find themselves degraded into observers; flung out neck and feet from all share in the action and counsels of the nation. On the occurrence of each new event, New England resolves itself, not into a revolutionary committee, no, but into a debating society.

There is no citizen, however private and sequestered, who, in the last months, can have failed to notice this inaction and apathy. I ask myself whether the people of Massachusetts are such snivelling nobodies as they appear? And from the best lights I get, here and elsewhere, I find some solution to the question, consistent with what good we know of them. At least, I think I understand it a little.

In this mercantile country, there is a thrift which lays its grasp on almost all the forcible and well-organized individuals. It makes the law of their actions. The Southerner said frankly, if not very civilly, through the mouth of John Randolph, "Gentlemen of the free States, we shall drive you to the wall: we have done it, and we shall keep you there." The Northerner seemed not to hear him, and observers were at a loss to account for his tameness. The truth is, the Northerners have good blood in their veins, and are very well able to give as good as they get; but they are old traders, and make it a rule rarely to shoot their customers, and never until the bill is paid. It were easy for them to retort, "Gentlemen, we are not so deaf as you imagine. We can defend our honor, and are not more than others tender of our skin, but we *are* very tender of our mortgages: we own you: every acre of your plantations is virtually covered by bonds and securities held in New-York and Boston." Hence, though slaveholders are apt to have a bad temper, and vicious politics,—a strong desire to keep the peace, and a good humor with them, is felt not only by the financial authorities in State street and Wall street, but also by the cotton-spinners, the freighters, the shoe-dealers, the cabinet-makers, the printers, the booksellers, and by every description of Northern salesmen.

Thus of one great portion of our population the sincere opposition to the late mischievous measures is paralyzed. Another part of the people is the war-party, a ferocious minority, which no civilization has yet caused to disappear in any country; that mob, which every nation holds within it, of young and violent persons craving strong drink, craving blood, craving coarse animal excitement, at any cost. It is of no use to vote Slavery and the wars of Slavery to be damnable, if we go ahead of the sense and civilization of the people: the wolf will show his head very unexpectedly. It does very well for the English and American towns to exchange peace-tracts: Old Worcester sends such to New Worcester, Old Plymouth to New Plymouth, Old York to New-York. It is all very pleasant and amiable. But war has not ceased in either country for a moment. If France, and England, and America, are forced, by a keener self-interest, to keep the peace with each other, that does not hinder that some poor Algerines, Sikhs, Seminoles, or Mexicans, should be devoured by these peace-loving States at the same moment. This war-party, this section of rowdy boys, older or younger, ever ready to throw up their trumpeted on by that needy band of profligate editors and orators, who find their selfish account in encouraging this brutal instinct.

If two classes do not exhaust the population, I might reckon a third class, whose conscientious action is overpowered by their repulsion to anything novel and irregular. Our people are respecters, not of essential, but of external law, decorum, routine, and official forms. I fear it is to a superstition which has killed the religion, to a parliamentariness or official form, that Governor Briggs and his dignified supporters have just now immolated the integrity of the State.

But, Mr. President and friends, I am not here to accuse parties or persons. I much prefer the method of the sun to that of the north wind; and, amidst these causes of the political apathy of Massachusetts, and New England,—causes which really co-exist with a great deal of good-meaning and innocency of the crimes which we have permitted to be done,—I value as a redeeming trait, the growth of the abolition party, the true successors of that austere Church, which made nature and history sacred to us all in our youth. I often ask myself, what is to take the place, to the young people, of those restraining influences which the old Calvinism, or Puritanism, under whatever form, exerted on the youth of such as are as old, or almost as old, as I am. The young men seem left to a frivolous, external, Parisian manner of living. What can better supply that outward church they want, than this fervent, self-denying school of love and action, which, too, the blood of martyrs has already consecrated? When I have seen the phalanx of these brave men and brave women pursuing their resolute course from year to year, through mobs, through favor, through neglect, I have thought of the march of Napoleon's celebrated Guard, amidst the Cossacks and the snow-drifts. Beausset, the Emperor's chamberlain, relates, that he has seen a detachment of twenty thousand men put to flight by the cry of a coward, "that the Cossacks were coming;" and, in their breaking of their own ranks, almost interrupting the march of four thousand warriors of the Imperial Guard, who, calm and intrepid, held on their way, through snows and through Cossacks, never stopping to inquire whether the sun still existed in that frightful cold. With the noblest purpose in the general defection and apathy the Abolitionists have been faithful to themselves.

The history of this party of freedom, seems to me one of the best symptoms, but it is only a symptom. I am glad, not for what it has done, but that the party exists. Not what they do, but what they see, seems to me sublime. They have seen, against all appearances, that the right will conquer, and though it has not with it the people of the world, it has the world itself, and the world's Builder; and they have thrown themselves unhesitatingly on that side.

I am a debtor, in common with all well-meaning persons, to this association. I think they have yet lessons to learn, and are learning them. I shall esteem them, as they cease to be a party, and come to rely on that which is not party, nor part, but which is the whole, and which as readily and irresistibly pours itself from one man, as from the most numerous co-operation. I hope to see those great men arise among us, who, like the west wind, bring the sunshine with them; those conquering natures, which make the difference by their presence or absence; where they are, there is power; those who do not, as the men of talents we are wont to see, defer to the solemn nonsense of existing things but without an effort set them aside and repudiate them, because they are in the presence of and do share what is greater. There are other crimes besides Slavery and the Mexican war, and a more comprehensive faith, I hope, is coming, which will resolve all the parts of duty into a harmonious whole.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1846.

Fletcher Webster's Oration, Boston, July 4, as published in Boston Post, July 6.

Mr. Webster, while using his own pen, depreciates the pen as used by others. He thinks that his own oration may rectify public opinion, and gently check the rabidity of ultra pamphleteers. His pen can cater to the war spirit of his countrymen, but another's pen is powerless to support the spirit of peace. In the cause of peace, speaking and writing, beyond a certain point, "are worse than useless;" but in the cause of war the pen is as potent as the sword. But whether it be true or not, that a "circumvallation of *pamphlets* would have brought about the capitulation of Yorktown," we are rash enough to think that the application of our ink stand to his oration will precipitate a deal of sophistry and cant, and effect a breach wide enough to let through a little of God's sunlight and truth.

We undertake the dubious employment of reviewing a Fourth of July oration. They are, at the best, but small game: and Mr. Webster, in his attempt to preserve the golden mean, has caused it to appear also in the mediocrity of his performance. We do not deny that it is grave and respectable. It has a "decent debility." It is not altogether surcharged with gas, but only moderately simmers and threatens. It is a crater, neither extinct, nor yet in lively activity. And this we consider a great point gained in this matter of orations. We thank Mr. Webster for so far diluting the rampant cant of the day, that the senility of patriotic lo le may be more easily detected. And if he has nobly set an example in the former point, he has also generously given us a specimen of the latter.

But we are in earnest, and wish seriously to consider the prominent points in this production. The first thing which grates harshly upon our feelings, and almost compels us to doubt the orator's sincerity for the sake of believing in his sense, is the following passage: "We celebrate—a victory and a triumph, not for us only, but *for all the oppressed, everywhere*, and in every age to come: a victory that has invaded the surest strongholds of bigotry and despotism, that has *lightened the chains*, and *cheered the hearts of down-trodden men in every region*." Cheering, indeed, to the hearts of certain down-trodden men in our tropics, must be the sound of the morning and evening guns which celebrate *our* victory and *our* independence. Cheering, indeed, the peal of the bells, mocking them as they go forth to their toil at sunrise, mocking them again, as they return in the glow of sunset, with the sound which only chronicles the jubilee of their masters, and makes the contrast of their bondage more hideous and heart-piercing. Had they only sate beneath the sound of Mr. Webster's voice—supposing Chief Marshal Park could have provided "free seats" for these sons of freedom—how would they have shouted, in glad response to the glowing period: "A whole country—millions of people, (three and a half inclusive,) with one accord,—*all classes and all conditions*—this day and hour rejoice!" We recommend to the editor of the Boston Post, to issue this oration in a cheap extra, that it may refresh the intervals of what the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, in a moment of inspiration, adroitly styled, "*unenlightened labor*." It would enlighten it. It would dispel that monstrous self-deception whereby three millions and a half of our fellow-freemen persist in considering themselves enslaved. They could join with us in our national festival—the best reader, (if more than one,) on each plantation could pronounce our glorious Declaration, and with their labor now *enlightened*, and their slavery shown to be the true our rights, a ridiculous assumption and a palpable lie. God grant that Mr. Webster, and Abbott Lawrence, and a few other of our choice prophets, might only travel southward and prove to our benighted fellow-citizens that their only slavery is to their ignorance of being free. Perhaps the same prophets will then undertake the more genial task of proving to Northern men that their only freedom consists in their ignorance of being slaves.

Mr. Webster may settle with his reason and his conscience, the penning and uttering of those shameful sentences of falsehood, as he best can. The pious Post, or the sagacious Lawrence may undertake his apology. But no man, whose ears are not crammed with cotton, whose heart is not completely petrified with our national selfishness, and whose head is not dizzy and drunk with the fumes of patriotic cant, can fail to see and execrate the lie. We pause for a moment to recall the memories of our childhood and youth. How sacred, then, to us, was the anniversary of our nation's birth. How the heart beat, and how the eye filled, in the early sunrise, when the first peal from the holy churches, and the first deep roar of the cannon, smote us, and filled the fresh soul with great thoughts, and bore us up as on a great triumph, and fused our private exultation into a great nation's joy. How irresistibly again were we snatched up, in the still, golden sunset, as the nation returned thanks to God, and the smoke was incense, and the boom of cannon was an anthem, and the bells, dying away into the twilight, were like the chimes of grateful hearts. Then we thought we were indeed free. That was the day for which the year was made—finer than all its Sabbaths, holier than all its holy-days. Oh, bitter reality of our manhood—cruel dispersion of the best dream we ever had. We are *not* free. The broad, garish sunlight of fact and reflection has shrivelled up our misty illusion. The heart beats no longer to the sound of those bells, except with indignation. The eye only fills with tears of vexation and shame. In the sound of jubilee we detect a startling undertone of pain and sorrow—the hollow, mocking tone of a national lie. The day only celebrates for us the triumph of public sin, the apostacy from noble principles, the truckling to Southern masters, the pandering to cant and sham.

This oration is mainly an apology for the *ultima ratio* of war. It is, as the Post observes, an indirect attempt to answer Charles Sumner's oration of the preceding year. We should like now to examine the success of this attempt. As it strikes us, the oration advocates war on the following grounds: that it has advanced civilization and evoked many virtues,—that it is the necessary alternative in the pursuit of justice and right,—that a condition of peace is not at present feasible, and cannot be till men shall become universally good.

Now, it is no argument in favor of any system, to say, that hitherto it has promoted culture, and thrown into practice many virtues; unless it can be proved that it will continue to do so, and that there is no better plan. Otherwise we should be compelled to legitimate the cholera, and hail the dread symptoms of its coming, because it has called into exercise every grace of the heart, and left in its path rare trophies of sacrifice and devotion. For the same reason we should elevate the plague into a domestic institution, with a corps of connoisseurs in contagion, and a board of sickness to ensure its regular recurrence. These are no less unmitigated evils merely because their agony and loss occasion the heroism of virtue. Mr. Webster would hardly esteem it necessary for the development of his private character, that his family, if he has any, should be carried off in the death-cart in the course of a fortnight. Nor can we say that war is intrinsically necessary for the growth of the race. That it *has been* so, in spite of itself, no one can deny. And so if one studies the history of Jesuitism, he will find that much good has come of lying. If British cannon blow away Chinese Quixotism and exclusiveness, British culture may march unchecked through the breach, and revolutionize the most stubborn and bigoted of empires. The stern Puritans founded this western nation by the extirpation of the children of the soil: we deny that even then it was a necessity, but such was the fact, and we see a great result. Now, if upon all such undoubted facts of history, one erects a theory that resort to physical force is the condition of every higher growth, he perpetuates the grossest barbarism: he endorses the worst crimes, from a massacre in the name of God, to *fusillades* and *noyades* in the name of liberty. He not only establishes the general maxim, that the end justifies the means,—a most atrocious piece of Jesuitism,—but he also assumes, that this end of growth *can have* no other means than force. We believe that the race which has the best thoughts and the finest organization will always supplant the weaker races, and lend to them its culture, simply by the power of its gifts. It is the nature of spirit, thus to overcome: it is the law of humanity. We believe, too, that this nation is the pioneer of the highest existing forms of culture, and that it must subdue the continent, not by force, but simply because it possesses this culture. If it will only believe in the Christian law of love, and practice it, it will not only prove that it really possesses the highest culture, but will silently mould all races and spirits beneath its plastic sway. But if it deserts that principle, through lack of faith, and attempts to reduce men to its Christianity by bleeding, it will only betray its own heathenism, and postpone still longer the practice of the highest law. But perhaps Mr. Webster only meant to indulge in a little glorification of war for its past achievements in the name of God, without intending to insist upon its continued necessity in that line. This was harmless, and, considering the occasion, praiseworthy.

But what shall we make of such cool statements as the following: "Suppose it impossible for wars to occur, where were nationality, where patriotism, where love of home and friends? If there were no nation, or country, or fireside, or friends, that could be attacked, which we might be called on to defend and protect, how long would such sentiments flourish?" O, Lord, how long! Wretched, indeed, would be a state of universal peace. Weak, visionary zealots were the amiable angels who let drop some hints of such a state on occasion of a certain birth. Cursed would be the peacemakers, notwithstanding a *soi disant* beatitude, to rob men of the occasions of their holiest virtues, and to attempt to raise patriots, countrymen, and lovers under other circumstances than those of slaughter. We tremble for our country, if Christianity once gets established here; nor does it mitigate our grief to reflect, that probably neither our eyes nor those of our children will see the day.

Again: "Were had been the sublimest *poetry*, but for war? Where had been the Royal Psalmist, had not the Philistines come up against Israel?" Then David's inspiration, like much of the modern sort, including the prose, run mad of anniversaries, was in consequence of a *sling*: and we thank the Philistines for enduring that slaughter at the hands of the æsthetic David, which was necessary to comfort the world with the pious breathings of his Christian Psalms. And doubtless, Mr. Webster will yet inform us, why Samson did not become a poet: probably because his weapon was not strictly æsthetic, and might have belonged to some prosy orator of the hero's tribe.

But war is the necessary alternative in the pursuit of justice and right. "There are certain ultimate rights which must be maintained, and when force is brought to overthrow them, it must be resisted by force." Mr. Webster thus advocates the divine right of insurrection, and we are prepared to see him "nullify," in spite of his patriotism, if Governor Briggs calls upon him or his State to assist in putting down the slaves, should they attempt to seize their freedom by revolution. Mr. Webster says they have a right to do so. Or will he now deftly attempt to prove that there is no analogy between their predicament and that of our fathers,—or that the Old Testament, or Apocrypha, forbids the use of force to people of color? Is our glorious success a guarantee that the means we used were unexceptionable? Then a like case can be made out for the Haïtian revolution, and for that republic, at least during Toussaint's life. And we, too, have degenerated since the days of Washington. [illegible] Then may some Southern Toussaint soon arise, and the capitulation of slaveholding cities anticipate the quiet circumvallation of Northern pamphlets. Perhaps even now he is brooding over the wrongs of his people, in some wretched hut, and organizing a plan for their deliverance. We cannot see how Northern gentlemen, advocating the right of revolution by force, and yet feeling bound by a Constitutional compromise to support our "peculiar institution," can escape from this dilemma. Perhaps some sagacious Whig, of the Lawrence clique, may yet unite the discordant elements, and with the spell of political cant, "make the mixture slab and good," so that even his Excellency may take that dose, also, without flinching. But we are not so adaptive, and cannot, like polypi, protrude new organs, and originate new capacities for every emergency.

We are, however, not content with forcing home this dilemma: we take the position, notwithstanding our revolution, and its great results, that no end can justify un-Christian means. We will not rudely flout the memory of our fathers, still less undervalue their achievements. We are ready to confess, that an orator would not "have supplied the place of Warren, or Putnam, or Prescott, on Bunker Hill," and that "lectures and sermons, tracts and remonstrances," would have been little persuasive, except as wadding, for which many of them are eminently adapted. But we do assert the Christian position, that the constant and uncompromising proclamation of the principle of peace, will render superfluous all future Bunker Hills. It is not necessary, on the one hand, to accuse the men of '76 of barbarism, and want of insight, nor yet on the other hand to affirm, that the splendor and success of their armed resistance confirms the validity of such an appeal for all future time. And we may declare, that there is "a more excellent way," even if the present social system is not based strongly and clearly enough upon love, to ensure its immediate success. We do not understand how that system can be sufficiently reformed for the purpose, without continuing to hold up the radical principle of love, and attempting to apply it in all its stringency. If some positions of the Peace party are too premature for practice, the old doctrine of *laissez faire* will *keep* them premature to the end of time. As things now are, we may not render ourselves utterly defenceless; yet at the same time, instead of apologizing for the things that are, we should insist, with all force and earnestness, upon the principles which shall make all things new. So that after all, he is the truly practical and timely man, who goes for love and peace, in the midst of duplicity and war.

We might here insist upon the numerous instances of unsuccessful revolution, of appeals to force in behalf of undoubted rights, when the issue clearly proved that God was "on the side of the strongest regiments." The last resort is often far from vindicating right and justice: peace has been gladly sought on the unchanged basis of things as they were before the war. No appeal can regularly and invariably secure justice, except that which is founded upon justice. War is founded upon wrong and outrage,—it breaks every law of God: to get one right it violates a dozen. It is pre-eminently the child of fortune, high to-day, low enough to-morrow: carrying its stake on the bayonet's point,—the strongest, not the justest, has it. That never can be styled, by eminence, the *ultima ratio*, which is not strictly rational, radically Christian, always just.

But the conservative continually asks the question: "What shall we do? What guarantee will you give for the practical safety of your principle? You may apply it when all men shall be universally good, but not before: when men are Christians they will follow peace." Now to this we are always ready to reply, that they must first learn peace if they would be Christians. It is sheer imbecility to tell men to wait till they are good before they practice the principles of goodness. The intermediate state of struggle, the stern, renouncing martyrdom, is the condition of final goodness. That future redemption of the race depends upon our present unflinching application of divine truth. "Let each man adopt the rule of life prescribed by our Saviour, and wars would fail of themselves." Does not Mr. Webster see, that the adoption of that rule includes the adoption of the very principle in question? Can a man practice the rule of the Beatitudes without extirpating the very root of war? And is the personal example of an unresisting Saviour to go for nothing, or are we, with the time-serving sagacity of the politician, to adapt His example to the existing state of things, instead of the reverse? Mr. Webster really believes in Christianity razeed, while he seems, with large utterance, to believe in its hardest requisitions. It is a very fine thing, but we must blandly dilute it, and accommodate it as we go along, and hang a little back, for personal convenience. It is to make men good, not by being applied in its naked severity, but only in a genteel and abstract way, and is the maddest of all edge-tools out of the hands of apostolic lawyers and politicians.

This is the only scepticism of the present age. It talks plausibly about future goodness, but legitimates present vice. It is quick to brand a principle as premature, and would forever keep it so. It speaks in pity of the misty theorist and the hot reformer, while its present position was some mad vision of a former age. It scoffs at the men who gave it life, and who still labor for some future sceptic's ease. What will suit it, or rather, what would it like to do? "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. So, then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."

This article has grown to an unexpected length, and yet many things remain unnoticed; and the points assumed have been most inadequately treated. But we must close. Mr. Webster, quotes from the corrupt proclamation of Gov. Briggs, and endorses the scandalous maxim, "Our country, right or wrong," even while he seems, true to his love of abstract Christianity, to make the private sense of duty supreme. A man must refuse to obey an unjust requisition, and yet he must not nullify. He can obey the laws only when they do not conflict with his duty to his God, and yet "he cannot set up his own individual opinion as to their proper or improper exercise, and obey only when he thinks them rightfully and wisely employed." It is nullification of the worst kind, and yet if any laws seems to his conscience unjust, "he may, and *should refuse* to obey them, and dare all consequences of such a refusal!" The true dilemma of a politician. On one side, the awful sense of duty; on the other, the dreadfully radical alternative of nullification. On the one side, conscience; on the other, Constitution and compromise. Who shall decide? We think that, after one or two more gross insults, and pro-slavery requisitions, the people will. The indignant conscience of Massachusetts, for we still believe she has one, will yet nullify, in every sense. The stern Saxon foot will yet be firmly planted, the weaponless and bloodless hand, will yet be raised to Heaven, and a trumpet-voice will declare: "*We will not sin*: your troops shall not goad us to the crime of blood, or awe us to submission: and yet we will nullify your crimes and compromises, and leave your monstrous lie."

Many questions have here been opened, which we shall take occasion to pursue. In the meantime, let us assure Mr. Webster, that in our humble conviction, "a circumvallation of pamphlets" is fast reducing his *ultima ratio*, and starving it into unconditional surrender. Other pens are travelling down foolscap as well as his own.—The spirit is hopefully saying to many an earnest soul: "*Write*, for these words are true and faithful." We like to imagine the lofty coolness of the sons of Glory: it is refreshing to see a set of men so entrenched in the divinity of their mission, and ready to blow away, with one "whiff of grape-shot," all the Beatitudes. "Yet, Oh man of war! The fingers of opinion have been busy at your plumes—you are not the feathered thing you were: and then that little tube, the goosequill, has sent its silent shots into your huge anatomy; and the corroding *Ink*, even while you look at it, and think it shines so brightly, is eating with a tooth of rust into your sword."

A Fact for the World's Convention.

The editor of the *British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter*, as we sometime since noticed, has expressed a wish to know if any of the delegates from this country to the World's Convention, are among those who treat the colored people with contempt. We have already given some facts in relation to several of the clergymen who have gone to attend that Convention, and we have now another which we commend to the attention of any sincere Abolitionist who may be in London during its sittings.

The Rev. Dr. Patton, of this city, is a delegate to this Convention. As we stated sometime since, a young Virginian, who is a student in the Theological School, is also a regular attendant upon the ministrations of Dr. Patton, and a communicant in his church. The combined teachings of his spiritual guide, and of the school where he is preparing himself for the care of souls, we might reasonably hope, would give him something of the spirit of Christianity, as well as indoctrinate him in all the mysteries of the Five Points. But he remains a slaveholder. Dr. Patton, who would excommunicate him incontinently, should he become a Unitarian, for his heresies in doctrine, can admit him, without hesitation, to the communion table, notwithstanding he is a heretic to the Christian religion: and the Convention which will give an honored seat to Dr. Patton, cannot admit, as a member of its body, any delegate from any church not evangelical in faith.

The Rev. Doctor sailed for England about the first of June. On the first Sunday following his departure, the clergyman appointed to fill his pulpit was taken suddenly ill. It was necessary to provide a substitute. The quality of the food to be given to the hungering flock was of less consequence than that the stated quantity should be dealt out to them. It would not do to close the church for half a day, and as the emergency was a pressing one, hands were laid upon the first stray shepherd that could be found,—unless, indeed, there was an especial preference for the one that was chosen. He who "fed the lambs" on that occasion, was the Rev. Mr. McLain, of Mississippi. He was on a visit to the North, to attend the General Assembly of the Church; and we happened, a few days before, to hear him, in that body, avow himself a slaveholder, and defend Slavery as a Bible institution.

Should the Rev. Mr. McLain present himself to the London Convention as a delegate, they would deny him admittance under the rule excluding slaveholders. Yet he might point to Dr. Patton, perhaps upon the platform, and inform the reverend and conscientious assembly that the last time he preached in America was in that gentleman's pulpit. "If you exclude me you should exclude him also; in giving fellowship to him, you virtually give it also to me; for while his right hand is clasped in yours, his left is clasping mine. You are a conclave of reverend hypocrites, who shrink from the application of your own acknowledged principle of Christian duty the moment that application would place you in a position unpopular in the Church."

The *Reporter*, perhaps, will not thank us for this case, as the connection between Northern and Southern churches, and the countenance given to slaveholders as Christians, or even to slaveholding clergymen as Christian ministers, is not what it cares to know. All it asked for was, that it might be informed if any of the delegates to the Convention countenanced the prejudice against color in their respective churches, for that, at least, it will venture to condemn. It should thank us, then, for informing it, that in Dr. Patton's church there is a "Jim Crow pew," and that on communion Sundays, when the colored people are permitted to come below stairs, they are kept at a respectful distance from their brethren of lighter complexions.

As the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, of which the *Reporter* is the organ, has a strong sympathy with the Liberty party of this country, we will also inform it, that a leading elder of Dr. Patton's church, and a committee-man for providing preaching in the absence of the pastor, is a well-known Liberty party man, and a member of the Executive Committee of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.

The Express on Abolitionism.

The *Express* in copying from the last *Standard* a portion of the article on C. M. Clay, and the whole of that on Briggs and Slade, uses the following language:

> Cassius did not vote for Polk, as ye did, in substance,—with your eyes wide open to the fact, that his election secured the Annexation of Texas by force and arms.
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> * * * * * * * *
>
> To hear such canting hypocrites as these denounce such men as Gov. Briggs and Gov. Slade, is amusing enough—after *they* and *theirs*, by defeating Henry Clay, brought all this war with Mexico upon us. If they had gone up to the polls, and voted, as sensible, honest, practical men, not as would-be leaders of a party, (reigning in hell rather than serve in heaven,) Polk would never have been President of these United States, and thus involved us in all these ills. They cannot pretend even blindness or ignorance, for when they were shoving ahead their dreamy and dreaming Birney, we all told them over and over again, the certain consequences of their deplorable actions.
>
> Now, the ma men ask us Whigs to nullify acts of Congress, that *their* own created rulers have made! They call upon us to depose their-own-elected officers, and they howl thus at Messrs. Briggs and Slade because they won't stultify themselves at this late day!

We are at a loss to know whether this be stupidity or malice. In either case we are glad to see the "galled jade wince" under the well-directed blows of our correspondents. Not that we wish to provoke to anger, but we like to know that we hit what we aim at; and no more gratifying proof could be given us than when we see the feathers flying among such birds as the *Express*.

The Washington *Intelligencer* fluttered in somewhat the same way at the article upon Daniel Webster, from another correspondent, which we published not long since. Though that paper has too much self-respect to descend to the billingsgate of its contemporary here, yet, in its very sneers it betrays its sense of how well-merited was the rebuke given to its distinguished leader.

The *Express* not long since—the *Express* whose editor, it is said, is in his own person a slaveholder—rebuked the Liberty party for its inconsistency in consenting to take oath, or hold office under a pro-slavery Constitution. And now, with a singular confusion of mind, or a most malicious ingenuity, it charges those who will not be thus inconsistent, and therefore never vote, with electing Polk, and "shoving ahead the dreamy and dreaming Birney!" We fancy that Mr. Birney's opinion of our manner of "shoving" must be that it is not unlike that which men sometimes use towards intruders to help them off their premises. We doubt if ever in his wildest dreams he gave us any thanks for it. The gratitude, his friends say, should come from the party which is so unfortunate as to have the *Express* for one of its organs. But as we did not, and do not do what we may for the slave's cause to please either Whigs or Liberty party, so we do not ask for the thanks of either.

We will have the charity to believe, however, that in this case the *Express* is more stupid than wicked—that it really does not know what it is talking about. We will not ask it to do us justice, for that old-fashioned and troublesome virtue is one which our neighbor does not recognize as part of the decalogue; and it does not matter much, for the people are fast learning the value of the teachings of Northern slaveholders, and Northern allies of Southern slaveholders. But that the *Express* may not again unknowingly prove itself to be as foolishly ignorant as it is shamelessly malicious, we will inform it, that the American Anti-Slavery Society is not of the Liberty party; that that party esteems it as its greatest obstacle to success—that next to Mr. Birney's dreams of a seat from Saginaw in the Michigan Legislature it has done the most to defeat that gentleman's political aspirations; that its principles is "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS," and its members refuse to vote or act under a pro-slavery Constitution. All this, however, we need not have told it, had its editor read its own report of our last Annual meeting. It is one evidence at least of his good sense and good taste that he does not read his own paper.

Freedom of the Press in Maryland.

We learn from the last *Baltimore Saturday Visiter*, that attempts have recently been made to induce the Grand Jury to find a bill against the paper, as an infringement of the law of '35, against seditious publications. The editor speaks in indignant terms at this proposed outrage upon the freedom of the Press, and shows that it arises from a determination to destroy him by persecution. We regret that he endeavors to show that he has no more infringed the law than some of his neighbors. He should rather glory in the fact that he alone is thought worthy of being feared by the slaveholders.

THE FOSTERS MOBBED.—We cut the following paragraph from the Sun, of Tuesday morning. It is all that has reached us concerning the riot:

> Abby Kelley, and Mr. Foster, her husband, were lecturing with some freedom on the 4th of July, at Unionville, Lake county, Ohio, and the meeting terminated in a row. Next day Abby and Foster held a meeting, and sold their books and pamphlets as usual. They were arrested and tried for Sabbath-breaking, and acquitted. Verily, the labor of these itinerant Abolitionists seems to be surrounded by peril, yet they persist in it.

RELEASE OF THOMPSON.—The Governor of Missouri has recently liberated George Thompson from the Penitentiary of that State. It will be remembered that Work and Burr, who suffered imprisonment with him for the "crime of negro-stealing," were released some time ago. Thompson has returned to his friends in Kentucky.

☞ The *Ohio Bugle* is unbecomingly captious upon our remarks concerning Capt. Clay's enlistment for the war in Mexico. If the editor will take the trouble to read them again he will see, we think, that we simply refrained from making any comments upon Clay's reasons till we knew what they were, and not that we hesitated to condemn the step he had taken.

BACK NUMBERS.—We regret that we cannot accommodate our new subscribers with the back numbers of the present volume. We had a large extra quantity of each printed, but the demand for them has been greater than the supply.

☞ The Ohio American A. S. Society has changed its name to the Western Anti Slavery Society. The last *Bugle* contains an excellent address from the society to the Abolitionists of the State.

MURDER IN AN ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.—The *Bugle* contains a letter from A. Baer, Jr. an Anti-Slavery lecturer, giving an account of a murder committed at one of his meetings in Mt. Eaton, Wayne county, Ohio. A person who persisted in making a disturbance was carried out by several of the audience. He immediately returned, and threw a brick-bat with great force at the head of one of those who had assisted in removing him, a man by the name of Daniel Officer. Officer died a few days after. The assailant was arrested and imprisoned on a charge of murder.

THE DELAVAN STATE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, which embraces several societies of the people of color in Eastern New-York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Maryland, held its anniversary in Poughkeepsie, on the 8th instant. The meeting is reported to have been large and respectable.

☞ Nearly *thirty* persons died in this city during the three hot days of the past week, from exposure to the weather.

The correspondent of the *New-York Journal of Commerce*, writing June 26th, announced a rumor that the President of the United States had determined to nominate Gen. Houston, as Major General of the Army, under the new act, and he expressed the opinion that the Senate would confirm the nomination without objection! Can it be possible? Is the Government determined to glorify vice? In the name of Heaven, what is there in the course or character of General Houston, deserving of hono? Has he been distinguished by his attention to the duties of domestic life? By his temperance? His virtues? His honesty? By an ordinary respect for the decencies of society?

It is the *Cincinnati Philanthropist* which is thus hard upon the Government for taking a private scoundrel to make a public ruffian of. Cannot that paper spare a little of its thunder for that City Missionary Society of Philadelphia, who invited this same Texan bully, Sam Houston, to lecture before them to increase their zeal in the propagation of the Gospel?

Our correspondent who sent us the following letter, sent us also the letters, &c. from the Rural Fair, which will be found in another column. Unfortunately there was no direction that they should accompany this letter, and they were therefore all put upon the first page, and the mistake not discovered till too late to remedy it, even could we have done so.

We regret that our correspondent accidentally omitted to mark the lines by Mr. Higginson, if they are among those we have published. The Hymn commencing "God of the Free," is the one referred to in the last paragraph:

Letter from "the Rural Fair"—Massachusetts.

Influence of the Anti Slavery Cause, and its Modes of Operation on the Character of the People—Great Throng of the Distinguished and the Undistinguished—Emerson and Garrison—Channing and Phillips—Flower-Angels—Honor to Whom Honor—Pecuniary Results—Cassius Clay and his Letter to the Managers—Letter of C. Stetson, and J. R. Giddings—"The Liberty Cap"—Hymns—Post Offices, &c. &c.

To the Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard:

DEAR FRIEND:—I know that you, who have so often enjoyed with us the pleasure of strenuous exertion for the good of the cause through means of the Fairs, will be impatient till you hear the news from this, the RURAL FAIR, which has so long filled your advertising columns.

It was a most brilliant and successful occasion, in every sense of those words. Many a splendid fête have I assisted at, in this, and in other lands; but never at one which gave more unmingled satisfaction, or united so much of what is beautiful, with what is right, true, and morally sublime. One might see here an excellent illustration of the improvement of which national character is susceptible, under the best influences. You never could have supposed yourself, had you been present with us in this tall pine grove, to be celebrating the 4th of July, in Yankee land. Where were the wretched victims of intemperance, the smokers, the rude, vulgar young men, the noisy young women, the graceless boys, that usually mar the effect of any public gathering on that day? The Anti-Slavery principles repelled all such from us. No drawing-room was ever filled with a gentler-mannered crowd. Yet here we were,—the "people," in thousands—drafted from every sect, and sex, and race, and party, and condition,—all harmonized and refined by that high sense of right and justice, the absence of which so often makes the drawing-rooms vulgar, and the presence of which can illustrate the forest and the field even more than their natural beauty. So great were the numbers, that when the train of cars took away four hundred, they were not missed from the crowd.—Hundreds, that could not be accommodated, were left behind at the depot in Boston. Still the crowd covered the hill-side as far as the speaker's voice could reach. There was but one complaint—the day was not long enough to hear, and see, and weigh, and feel, all that waited to address the intellect, the senses, and the heart.

William Henry Channing was the first that spoke, after the organization of the meeting, by the appointment of Garrison to preside. He was followed, at intervals, by James Freeman Clarke, Garrison, R. W. Emerson, and Wendell Phillips. I send you their speeches for insertion in your columns, and need not therefore say much by way of commentary. Channing and Emerson spoke with animation and feeling. I could not help mentally replying, as their words flowed on, to some points of their discourse, in which they misapprehended their elder brothers in the cause—(unless, indeed, *I* misapprehended *them*.) But that misapprehension is a fault that slight experience will amend; and we bear easily the undeserved rebuke that is well-intended. Garrison, and Wendell Phillips, explained, in the course of their remarks, the reasons why the Abolitionists cherish as virtue, and fulfil as duty, what is censured as weakness, and condemned as wrong. We had hoped to listen, also, to W. A. White, and Theodore Parker, and Edmund Quincy; but the time arrived too soon; and we were obliged to solace ourselves with what we had actually enjoyed. While listening to the strong hymning swell, unvexed by any instrument, that went up from the hill-side through the forest-tops, from lips touched with a sense of this nation's destiny that seemed almost like prophecy, one might have fancied oneself in covenanted Scotland what time the wild Psalm went up on Loudon-Hill—or have thought that these were in truth the Pilgrims of 1620: for now, as then, these same "Sounding aisles of dim woods rang 'to the anthem of the free.'" But a moment after, and the sight of groups of lovely children, dressed in white, and crowned with flowers, gathering for the dance, as the band struck up its enlivening strains, might have made one fancy oneself on the green-sward of the mother-country, when "England was *merry* England."

I must not forget to tell you of the temple of Flowers, with its attendant Floral band of little ones. It was indeed a beautiful object, so placed as to afford every visiter an opportunity to purchase its beautiful bouquets the last thing before leaving the grounds. The grateful acknowledgments of the Managers are due to Mr. Kenrick, of Newton, Mr. Cushing, of Watertown, Mr. Robeson, of New Bedford, and to multitudes of friends in West Roxbury, Dedham, Concord, and many other places, who devoted their gardens to the service of the day. The Rural Fair, itself, was held beneath the beautiful Marqueé so obligingly lent for the occasion, by Mr. Cushing, of Watertown; and which was the great object of attraction and admiration through the day. The amount of the sales and cash received from all sources during the day, was upwards of five hundred dollars; and as the Managers had previously paid a certain amount on their pledge, I think that after all expenses are paid, it will be found that they have redeemed it.

This gratifying result is owing to the able and devoted manner in which they were sustained by friends from far and near, who honored and aided the occasion by their presence and participation. It will not be invidious if, where multitudes gave such kind and effectual co-operation, we name Messrs. Ira Gray, W. Bowditch, H. I. Bowditch, D. B. Morey, Hiram Blanchard, John Jacobs, J. L. Russell, J. Engley, and Edmund Quincy.

The friends of the cause in Dedham and West Roxbury, were indefatigable in their exertions for the satisfaction and accommodation of the rest. It was found impracticable to keep an account of the bountiful supplies of refreshments sent from those places, and from more distant ones. Boston, Lynn, Weymouth, Abington, Salem, Danvers, Scituate, New Bedford, Cambridge, and a multitude of other towns, co-operated, in this respect, in the most cordial and efficient manner. To Mr. Whiting and family, on whose grounds the gathering was held, the acknowledgments of all concerned are due for the constant and kind attention to every wish that was expressed during the whole day of the celebration, and the days preceding.

When it is considered that this great crowd came from all parts of Massachusetts, and was great by the attendance of so many fine spirits from other States, even from the far West, on the summons of the uncompromising Abolitionists, who would not gather beneath the same "fustian flag that waves in splendid mockery over a land of slaves," but who caused the white banner of peace to float over their arch of entrance, at the moment that the country is engaged in war for the perpetuation of Slavery,—I ask you if the fact is not one of happy augury for our land?

We received a long and most deeply and painfully interesting letter from Cassius M. Clay, in reply to our note of invitation to him. It would, perhaps, seem to him a breach of confidence to publish it, though we wish we felt at liberty to do so. Mr. Clay thinks his Northern friends have deserted him. Alas—he it is who has deserted them. He thinks them narrow in their sphere and views, because, transcending the limits of a mere national and territorial virtue, "their country is the world, and their countrymen all mankind." He thinks them tyrannical, because they speak their mind of a course they deem contrary to righteous principle, and dictatorial, because they have no choice but to say he has done wrong. They doubt not that he honestly thinks himself in the right—but how blinded and deadened by the temptations of a life of political partisanship must his moral sense be, who can think it right to rush into an unconstitutional war for the perpetuation and extension of Slavery throughout Texas, upon a political calculation, that by so doing, he shall, perchance, be enabled to get a vantage ground against it in Kentucky! He is "brave as his sword," doubtless: he feels as if he were defending the helpless ones of the North against foreign invasion. *But our sympathies are with Mexico, because she has abolished Slavery, and, selfish considerations aside, it would give us far less pain to see her conquering armies entering Boston, than to see the victorious squadrons of the slaveholding United States bearing bondage to a land now free.*

So highly do we esteem the consistency that is true to individual duty, let the United States Congress take what ground it will,—the integrity that will not be drifted along in a course it has previously pronounced unconstitutional and wrong—the independence that no majority, though of a whole people, can bend or break,—the allegiance to principle that bursts away from whatever is opposed to principle. The love of right that needs not the probabilities of success as a stimulus, but plumbs just as readily in despair, as in the hope of a glorious harvest;—that we cannot but deeply mourn over this most touching and affecting letter. In proportion to the honor with which we have honored Mr. Clay, do we now feel the bitterness of sorrow.

Mr. Clay "trusts us to defend him." Oh, that we might have trusted him to defend us! Not with the sword: we ask no such defence; but he has drawn the sword against us. We are identified with the slaves, and he has arrayed himself in arms with the masters; beginning a series of political manoeuvres against Slavery, by sanction, participation, and allegiance!! Slavery laughs and exults over the miscalculation. He asks, "If dissolution and rebellion be the remedy, how am I to act? Is my State ready for it?" Is ours?" We reply—"Are *we* on a bed of roses?" It is quite possible to *rebel alone*; and it is the only means of making one's State ready. But with bitter grief it must be acknowledged, Mr. Clay has ceased to rebel—has become already so popular, in a slaveholding State, that his past offences, against Slavery, are forgotten, and no bribes, nor slanders of his enemies can avail to prevent his being unanimously elected to the captaincy of the Kentucky volunteers. If he return, the same political wave that carries Gen. Taylor into the Presidency of the United States, may carry Cassius Clay into the Vice Presidency, or the Governor's chair in Kentucky. Whose heart will be converted by those processes? Will he who yielded up principle to get there, venture to assert it when the question is of staying there?

> "Oh, had he died an hour before this chance,
> He had lived a blessed time!"

During the day of the peaceful field at Dedham, the letters of the Rev. Caleb Stetson, and Hon. J. R. Giddings, to a member of our Committee, and which I send you for publication, were read. [See first page.]

The absence of our friends, D. L. Child and S. T. May, was much felt. The Hon. Messrs. John Q. Adams, Charles Francis Adams, and John P. Hale, all otherwise engaged, returned friendly letters in reply to our invitation, expressive of general sympathy with our object, the abolition of Slavery,—but not written for publication.

I enclose the hymn sung on the occasion, written by T. W. Higginson, of Cambridge

I must not omit to speak of one great attraction of the Fair, the beautiful little book for children, "THE LIBERTY CAP." The contents of the present number were excellent. It is to be continued hereafter in monthly or quarterly numbers; and Mrs. Follen's well-recognized possession of that great power that Dr. Johnson gave Dr. Watts so much credit for, the power of adapting a great mind to the comprehension of the young,—will, doubtless, secure a wide circulation for this little book within and around the ranks of the Anti-Slavery cause. I have seen some of the articles for the second number also; and cannot but congratulate the American Society on this good providence which supplies the want felt in the publications since the discontinuance of the Slave's Friend. The price is six cents per copy, and the mechanical part beautiful. Pray extract from it, and give the contents in your "book-department;" for I know the cause is in need of just such a book, and the friends will thank you for the information.

There was one feature at the Rural Fair, which you have never found in any of our previous ones—a post-office. I send, herewith, a quantity of the letters which I begged of those who received them, and which were put into my hands when the Fair was closed. The following hymn—[see first page]—"The name I may not tell,"—struck me as possessing much merit; and also the letter addressed to Rev. G. E. Ellis. I believe the Cambridge Theological students came up to the rescue in this department. There was so much merriment excited, and so much intellect brought into play by this post-office plan, that I think we shall follow it up hereafter. I am sure you will find among the papers I send you, much that, like "Jacky's letter" in "Marriage" "ought to be published." I was struck with the fact that people write better anonymously: except, indeed, those with whom writing is not literature but life; such as reformers and poets, who write in the vehemency of their spirit, never thinking who looks on, and consequently unembarrassed by their personality. Apropos to the mention of poets:—We republished 'Zekiel Bigelow's effusion, for distribution at the Fair, hoping that it was not Lowell's, just as every time that Voltaire wrote anonymously, persons in his time used to hope it would be proved that they had two good poets instead of one. *But nobody has yet heard him deny it.* A more particular and financial statement of the Rural Fair will be given hereafter, by Mr. Jackson the Treasurer.

Meanwhile, I am yours, most sincerely,
One of the Managers of the Rural Fair.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

From Our Dublin Correspondent.

Weather at Boiling Heat in Dublin—Irish Peasantry and American Slaves—Free Church and Slavery in Scotland—Wright, Thompson, Douglass, and Buffum—The Three C's.—Dublin Yearly Meeting—Cool Impudence of London Address to Indiana Anti-Slavery Friends—"The British Friend"—The Smeals, of Glasgow—Glasgow Emancipation Society—Corrupting influence of American Pro-Slavery on the Anti-Slavery Character of English Friends—Refusal of London Yearly Meeting to Read the Reply to their own Address to the Indiana Anti-Slavery Friends—Dogmas more Precious than Righteousness—Ticklish Condition of Political Parties—Honorable Course of Peel—Peel and Polk—H. C. Wright—Public Testimonial in Edinburgh to James N. Buffum—Favorable Prospects of Harvest—Mr. Garrison's Visit to England Anticipated—Proposed Anti-Slavery Meeting in London in August—Fruits of Faithful Anti-Slavery Preaching in Dublin—Methodists—Increasing Knowledge of our Relations with Slavery in the British Islands, &c. &c. &c.

VALE OF SHANGANAGH, 8 MILES SOUTH OF
DUBLIN, JUNE 16, 1846.

MY DEAR GAY:—The summer has not set in this time "with its usual severity." Although so near the North Pole, we are in the temporary enjoyment of "the clime of the East," and old Ireland is become "the land of the sun." A few days ago, a gentleman, just returned from London, was asked whether the weather was not very *warm* in the modern Babylon. "No," said he, "it was not *warm*. *Warm* is too cold a word. It was *broiling*." Well, our experience in Dublin is very similar. We are all broiling. Linen ephods and straw hats are the fashion in the rural districts, as they would be in the city, if people had the moral courage to wear them. You are probably aware that bare feet are often seen in Ireland—especially in the women and children. This is pitiful enough in cold weather. But now, nobody pities them—except when the street flags are hot with the sun. It is so delightfully cool to patter about in all the genial liberty of nature. If matters continue this way much longer, we shall all be brown as berries—or as South Carolinians. I am sure I hope the sun will forbear from broiling us down to that same chivalrous consistency to which he has reduced the pattern Republicans of Charleston, and the rice-swamps in general. Ours would be worse than the fate of Tantalus, if we became as fiery, as languishing, as lordly, and as lazy, and if withal, we had no niggers of our own to *larrup*. Notwithstanding I learn so much from your pro-slavery columns, and the refuge of oppression in the Liberator, respecting the inferior condition of our peasantry to that of the manly, educated, well-clothed, and well-fed slave in the South, "I have yet to learn" that Paddy is prepared for that state of blessedness which Southern divines, and politicians, assure us is the portion of those "servants" of African origin, who bask beneath the palm-trees of the South, with no one to make them afraid. Of course, when our poor people become more enlightened, and better able to see what is good for them, we shall have them all rushing, as they rushed to take the pledge from Father Mathew, eager to taste the blessings of primeval simplicity, and patriarchal institutions—longing to bow beneath the fatherly yoke of some Irish Calhoun, or McDuffie. But it will require a long continuance of warm weather before they attain to this blessed consummation.

The principal Anti-Slavery news on this side of the Atlantic, comes from Scotland. Henry C. Wright, George Thompson, Douglass, and Buffum, have stirred up an agitation there, that will be of great service to the cause of truth and justice. The Scotch are an intelligent and a thoughtful people; they are not easily excited, but when they are stirred up, it is not for nothing. They will *do* something. The meetings that our friends have held in the principal cities and towns, have been attended by thousands upon thousands, and Anti-Slavery truth, as opposed to pseudo religious sophistry, has been declared with great raciness, force and eloquence. I understand that George Thompson, fully equalled, if he did not exceed, his former self. Such of his speeches as I have seen reported, make the heart beat quicker, and the blood throb responsive to his rebukes of the meanness, hypocrisy, and time-serving, exhibited by the Free Church leaders. The three C's.—Chalmers, Cunningham, and Candlish—have been damned to a most unenviable celebrity. When we consider the power of the little popes of little sects for good—it is odd that they so seldom exercise it. Pride, and the love of power, blind them to many a glorious opportunity for usefulness—and of forwarding the cause of God, and of Christ, by promoting the spread of justice, mercy, and humanity.

At the Yearly Meeting for Ireland, which took place about six weeks ago, I had an opportunity of hearing the document read with which the deputation from London were armed, when they set forth on their mission to persuade the lost sheep constituting the Anti-Slavery Yearly Meeting to return to the fold in Indiana. I was never more astonished in my life at any matter connected with the Society of Friends. The Epistle or Address, was expressed in very soft, mealy-mouthed terms, to-be-sure, and contained nothing verbally offensive—yet, although I have read a good deal in my day of prose and rhyme, I never met with any sample of cool impudence to exceed this missive of that same Anti-Slavery Yearly Meeting of London, which has so often sent remonstrances and entreaties to American Friends to be faithful to their Anti-Slavery testimonies, and to be instant in season and out of season, in advocating the cause of the oppressed. In this instance their Anti-Slavery zeal appears to have completely evaporated, and to have been absorbed by a pitiful preference for sectarian unity. They make no reference to the grounds on which the Anti-Slavery Friends seceded—but urge them to lay down their meetings, and to join those from whom they have withdrawn. They say that if this course be trying to the natural man, (or words to that effect,) they will have their reward in the peace of mind which will follow the acceptance of this counsel. On the reading of this document, some of the indignant feelings it excited, were expressed in unvarnished terms. But it was suggested in reply, that it was presuming too much to question the propriety of a paper issued with the full approbation of the London Yearly Meeting. If truth is to be judged by the weight of members, and the externals of sanctity, and if the free thoughts of individuals are to be coolly set at naught, then we must conclude that she dwells alike with Romish Councils, Presbyterian Synods, Episcopal Convocations, Methodist Conferences, and Quaker Yearly Meetings. They all make great pretensions, all wear long faces, are all time-serving, and all infallible.

Do you exchange with "the British Friend,"—a monthly newspaper, edited by William and Robert Smeal, of Glasgow, and devoted to the interests of the Society of Friends? As a sectarian paper it is conducted with great ability, consistency, and fidelity. It stands up stoutly for all the "testimonies" of Friends, and does not seem disposed to let any of them drop to please any body, or any number of bodies. I need hardly say that among their testimonies, that against Slavery is one of the most prominent, and it is nobly upheld in the pages of the British Friend. William Smeal, is a grocer, in the Gallowgate of Glasgow; he is a stiff and staunch Quaker, and I believe a minister in the religious meetings of Friends. He has been for many years one of the most laborious, indefatigable, and efficient members of the Glasgow Emancipation Society, and the resolute supporter of George Thompson in his Anti-Slavery labors. You are aware that it is under the auspices of the Glasgow Society the warfare has been waged against the pro-slavery course of the Scottish Free Church. They have held public meetings, scattered newspapers, and published and distributed tracts to an extent which is amazing, when you consider how limited are the number and the means of the active members. Long before the recent visit of George Thompson, Buffum, and Douglass, to Scotland, Henry C. Wright had been laboring there with great industry and efficiency, to the same purpose, stoutly supported by William Smeal, and John Murray. I consider that the more credit is due to William Smeal for his Anti-Slavery fidelity to Henry C. Wright, because Henry's anti-Sabbatarian views are no secret to him—he does not participate in them, and they are eminently calculated to make the holder of them unpopular in Scotland, where a large majority of the people are almost fanatically Sabbatarian. Well, but to return to the British Friend. I think I will send you the last number, which cannot fail to interest you, if you wish to understand the position of "the body" of the Society of Friends in these countries with respect to the Anti Slavery cause. This position is deplorable when compared with the high ground on which they stood a few years since, during the struggle for West Indian Emancipation, and before so many of their ministers had returned from a residence of years in the United States saturated with the pro-slavery sentiment of a majority of the Society in that country. By pro-slavery I do not wish to be understood as implying an actual advocacy of Slavery—but an hostility to any effective measures of co-operation amongst themselves, or with those outside the pale of the Zion, for its overthrow. In this sense of "pro-slavery," I regret to be obliged to believe that a majority of the ruling powers in the sects, both in England and Ireland, participate.

For instance, in the recent Yearly Meeting of London, Joseph Sturge inquired whether any address had been received from the Indiana Friends, to whom the deputation had been sent. No answer being given to this question, he concluded that no such address had been received. Had it been regularly forwarded and properly addressed, he was inclined to the opinion, that the Yearly Meeting would have seen it right to receive it. Under these circumstances, he thought it might have a conciliating effect upon those whose opinion it represented, to know that the Friends who attended the Yearly Meeting, had an opportunity of seeing it. He, therefore, intended to have it printed, and he thought it best to state as much. One Friend thought it would not be suitable for an individual to publish that which the meeting would not receive. Another thought, that by the golden rule, the meeting should receive the reply of those whom they had addressed. Then followed some more remarks, when at last, after a time, one of the assistant clerks said, a letter had been addressed to him, which he produced, *purporting*, [how cautious' *purporting*—not *being*—he would not have said *being* for the world,] purporting to be from the Meeting for Sufferings of Anti-Slavery Friends. He thought the document should be returned unread. Here followed a long discussion, which was concluded by the meeting magnanimously deciding, that the admirable, straight-forward, manly, out spoken, and respectful letter of the Anti-Slavery Friends should *not be read!* This letter has already appeared in the Standard, and it does the writers honor. They stand on the ground of consistency to principle, and it need not trouble them that they are disowned by formal professors at home or abroad. It is absurd enough that the Friends in Great Britain and Ireland eschew the Anti-Slavery Friends entirely on a point of order. They say they have irregularly separated themselves from the larger body, with whom English Friends were in correspondence. I call this an absurd pretence, inasmuch as it is a fact, that when the American Friends, about twenty years ago, separated into two distinct bodies, the Orthodox Friends of Baltimore and New-York seceded from the majority, precisely as the Anti-Slavery Friends have done—in the same manner—with the same irregularity—and yet no difficulty was made of acknowledging them as *the* Yearly Meetings of Baltimore and New-York. So much more highly was a unity of sentiment valued, when it turned upon the acceptation of some incomprehensible dogmas, than upon the duties we owe to those who have fallen among thieves. The last general Epistle of the London Yearly Meeting, reminds Friends of the *sympathy* we have always felt for the slave, and recommends us to maintain it. This is about the extent of the participation in Anti-Slavery efforts, exhibited by the American Yearly Meetings. *They* are always on the watch for "right openings," which never come. They sometimes talk of addressing our rulers [your rulers—the rulers of the United States,] on the subject of Slavery,—though they know full well that the rulers are only the puppets of the popular will, and that if the public mind of the United States were as it ought to be, the rulers would do as they ought to do. This talk of appealing to your rulers I take to be mere cant, such as could impose upon nobody who understands anything of the Constitution of your Government. I have enlarged a good deal upon the sayings and doings of the Society of Friends, partly because I feel much interest in them myself, and partly because I believe that many true-hearted Abolitionists in the United States feel a similar interest. Whatever the amount of their allegiance to the sect, they probably feel strongly attached, as I do, to its nobler and more substantial testimonies.

I need not enlarge upon public affairs here. You will learn them more fully from the newspapers. Our political parties appear to be in a complete mess. There are Sir Robert Peel's adherents among the old conservative party; there are the Protectionist Conservatives, once his staunch and obsequious followers, and now his bitterest and most venomous opponents. Then come the Whigs, with Lord John Russell for their leader,—and then follow O'Connell, and his tail. The general opinion is, that all but his own friends will coalesce to drive Peel from power as soon as the Corn Bill has passed into a law,—the Whigs are thirsting for the sweets of power, and the Protectionists for the sweets of revenge,—for they look upon Peel as the betrayer of their beloved monopoly. Nevertheless, it is probable, (as the Spectator newspaper has suggested,) that if England were polled for the election of a Prime Minister, Peel would be the man. He has gained immensely in popular estimation, by the manliness, ability, and magnanimity he has evinced since the commencement of the present session of Parliament. Scorning the allurements of place, power, and patronage, he has evidently acted from a conscientious desire to promote the best interests of the people. It would be well for the world, if the same could be said for Polk and his cabinet of slaveholders. It is enough to make a man's soul sick, to contemplate the infamy and moral degradation to which the slave interest is dragging down the United States, and how calmly the people of the model republic submit to the disgrace.

A few days since, I had a short letter from H. C. Wright. After his long and arduous campaign of eighteen months in Scotland, he is about to pay us a visit for the repose of his weary soul. He will be very welcome to us, for we know him, and value his sterling integrity, his faithfulness to his convictions, his indefatigable energy in the promotion of the best interests of mankind, and his truly Christian demeanor. I have seen him much and intimately. I have had dealings with him—and this is a good way to put a man to the test. A man may be very religious, a loud professor, a great philanthropist, but I'll be very cautious how much I have to say to him till I know how he estimates the duties connected with *Meum* and *Tuum*.

Henry mentioned an incident that I am sure you will be glad to hear. It is no less than that the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause in Edinburgh, presented J. N. Buffum, in the presence of an audience of from twelve to fourteen hundred of the most intelligent men and women in the "modern Athens" with a beautifully bound set of an Encyclopedia, as a token of their respect for his character, and the value they place upon his Anti-Slavery services. The Lord Provost of the city, Adam Black, a highly-respectable and enterprising publisher, contributed twenty-five dollars for the purpose. This circumstance gave me great pleasure—for I have nowhere met with a more estimable or a truer hearted man than J. N. Buffum. Friends generally were much disturbed by his appearance in Ireland, when they discovered that he had once belonged to their own body, but had left the American branch, because of their unfaithfulness to the pointings of duty. This will generally be the portion of the members of the Protestant sects as well as Popish churches, who presume to exercise the Protestant right of private judgment in matters of conscience. Douglass and Buffum hope to be in Belfast to-day, and in Dublin in a few days hence. James is coming to pay us his final visit previous to embarking for America on the 4th of July. I trust his time has not been unprofitably spent as far as himself is concerned, since he arrived in England, and I am sure he has done good service to the Anti-Slavery cause.—Without ostentation or pretence—without pecuniary fee, and unrewarded by the incense which awaits the paid or appointed "Servants of the Lord," he has travelled from place to place at his own proper charge, preaching "Peace on earth and good will among men, deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound." In short he has been an Apostle without a diploma—he has "preached the truth in the love of it," as the old Friends used to say.

We have had an extraordinary stretch of nearly unbroken fine weather, and great hopes are entertained for the coming harvest. We do not hear much of any peculiar suffering among the poor at this time of the year, which is generally the most difficult for them to get over. Great good has been done by the free admission of Indian corn, and by the efforts directly made by the Government to have the poorer parts of the country supplied. The abolition of the corn-laws cannot fail, I think, to have permanently good effect upon the social condition and commercial relations of the people of Great Britain and Ireland.

By a letter, received but yesterday, from Boston, I hear it is not unlikely that W. L. Garrison may pay us a visit in the course of a few weeks, to aid in the efforts that are so successfully made by our other friends to enlighten the public mind in these countries on the subject of American Slavery, and its ruinous influence on the character and conduct of the American people. I need not say how rejoiced we shall be once more to give him the right hand of fellowship, and that after having closely observed his course for the last six years, having at the same time searched for and sifted out all the charges we have heard made against him by those who could not endure his preference to God's cause to that of sect or party, we are resolved to identify ourselves with him, until he swerves as we have not yet known him to do, from the path of truth and duty. There is some probability that a meeting will be held in London, in August, of the friends of the Anti Slavery cause, for the purpose of becoming better personally acquainted with each other, and of acting with more unity of purpose for the furtherance of the cause. Great good might be done by such a reunion—not for the purpose of speech-making or of individual glorification—but for actual business. Garrison's coming would, I think, render such a meeting more probable—and for this reason, if we had no personal motive in wishing to grasp his hand when here, we would be glad that he would come.

You will be glad to hear that some lay members of the Methodist Society, who were very much displeased by the plain speaking of Douglass and Buffum at the time of their first visit to Dublin, have inquired for themselves, and that the result of their examination has been they have become active and intelligent friends of the Anti-Slavery cause. They take the Liberator and pay for it—are not afraid to hear "the truth spoken in love—and are more zealous for the cause of humanity than for the undisturbed repose of their own sectarian organization. The public mind here is becoming more and more enlightened as to your true position, and when this species of intelligence becomes more general, American slaveholders and pro-slavery clergy of all sorts and uniforms will find the little Islands too hot to hold them.

Yours truly,
RICHARD D. WEBB.

To Correspondents.

B. S. of W. K. shall receive the paper as he requests. The explanation is satisfactory.

T. C. of F. will pardon us for the blunder of last week. We did not understand his letter till re-reading it. The mistake is corrected.

The request of B. B. D. is complied with.

J. A. B's. letters are duly received, and the papers forwarded as he directs. We cannot account for the mistake. We beg to assure him that his last enclosure was entirely unnecessary.

A. K. F. shall hear from us speedily. The question in her last letter is answered in last week's Standard.

The letter which J. G. writes us, under date of the 9th instant, he forwarded in January, was never received. Credit is, however, given him, for the enclosed amount. His letter of May 21st came safely, but the acknowledgment was accidentally omitted.

The article sent us by A. B. is just the thing we wanted. He will accept our thanks.

The charges made by our friends at A. are undergoing investigation. Of course, in so delicate a matter, he will understand that the utmost circumspection is necessary. He may be assured, however, that justice shall be done to all parties, if, in the judgment of those whose province it is to decide in such a case, it is thought proper to do anything.

D. S. P.'s communication is received. It is crowded out this week by a press of other matter, but shall appear, if possible, in the next paper. We hope to hear from him often.

The pamphlets inquired for by our esteemed friend at S. are all on hand. The other information asked for he will get through the paper.

We have a few words to say in reply to our friend of S. (Va.) He will accept our thanks for the publications, which came safely. The Standard will be sent him if he will receive it.

J. W.—R C.—E. Q.—S. P.—W. P.—S. M.—M. W. C.—S. B.—W. M. O. shall receive immediate attention.

J. C. or A. C. of H. may forward the money at our risk.

The request of H. C. shall be attended to. The error he refers to was accidental.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* Flowers; Voices from the Crowd—France and England; Little Things. *Miscellany:* Toussaint, (Continued); Scratches at Nature with a free Gillott; A prison Death; Items.

FIRST PAGE.—*Selections:* Mr. Hale's Speech; Anti-Slavery; The Free Church of Scotland and Slavery.—*Standard:* The Rural Fair; Speeches at Dedham.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

The Petition for Freedom.—We had designed to give a fuller report of the facts of this deeply interesting case, than we presented in our last. But the crowded state of our columns has forbidden our doing justice to the subject. We may undertake it hereafter. In the meantime it gives us unfeigned pleasure to report the main fact: LUCY CRAWFORD HAS BEEN DECLARED A FREE WOMAN, and that in the face of the adverse decisions of the Bench! The Jury nobly did their duty, and are now receiving the plaudits of all but the interested few. An appeal is not allowable in this case, and it is thought there will not even be a motion for a new trial, as was talked of. We hail this as a cheering streak of light breaking through the gloomy clouds of pro-slavery ultraism, that have so long rendered our courts of Law vision less to the claims of the trembling and ever too friendless claimants of Humanity's most precious boon!—*Baltimore Visiter.*

Captain Frisbie.—It was stated some time ago that this individual, who had been arrested at Kingston, Jamaica, on the charge of selling in this city, as slaves, two free people of color, which he had taken on board his brig from that island, had made his escape. Yet inasmuch as Kingston papers, subsequently received here, made no mention of the fact, it was believed to be an error. It was not, however, for we yesterday saw a letter from the venerable R. M. Harrison, United States consul at Jamaica, confirmatory of the report. Mr. H. unfortunately was his security in a bond for $2500. If Frisbie remained he would have been acquitted. Proof of his innocence was sent to Kingston by the collector of this port.—*New Orleans Delta.*

Riotous Proceedings at Auburn.—We are indebted to the Telegraph for an account of an outrage committed at Auburn yesterday. John Depuy, a colored man, who got into a quarrel, drew a knife in self-defence, upon which a cry of "kill the d——d niggers," was raised. Depuy, in the affray, struck a young man by the name of Glean, with a stone, who fell senseless, but soon recovered. Depuy, who made his escape, was followed home, and as he could not be found, those in pursuit demolished his house.—*Albany Journal.*

The Freeman Trial.—The jury on the trial of Freeman's present insanity, were out twenty-four hours and brought in their verdict on Saturday night that the prisoner had mind and memory sufficient to distinguish between right and wrong. It is supposed that the trial will now proceed.

Married,

In Philadelphia, at St. James' Church, on Wednesday, July 1st, by the Rev. Thomas C. Yarnall, *Ellis Yarnall*, to *Helen Maria*, daughter of Samuel Cox, Esq.

In this city, July 3d, Mr. *Newell J. McClure*, one of the proprietors of the True Sun, to Miss *Hannah W. Chase*, both formerly of New Hampshire.

In Portsmouth, Hon. *Montgomery Blair*, of St. Louis, Mo. to Miss *Mary Elizabeth*, daughter of Hon. Levi Woodbury.

Died.

In Charlestown, *James A.* son of Mr. James Marshall, aged 18 years and 6 months.

In Lexington, (Ky.) June 24, Mrs. *Sarah Spooner*, Matron of the Institution for the Blind, about 50, daughter of Deacon E. Hinman, of Salem, Mass.

In Boston, July the 8th, at the Merchant's Hotel, Rev. *Richard Dazys*, a distinguished Catholic clergyman, recently from Ireland.

In Boundbrook, N. J. on the 28th June, *Enoch Pillsbury*, son of Oliver and Anna Pillsbury, of Henniker, N. H. and brother of Parker Pillsbury, aged about 21 years.

In New-York, on the 11th instant, *Anna Buckley*, relict of the late Thomas Buckley, aged 74 years.

In Nantucket, July 5th, Mrs. *Susannah*, widow of the late Capt. James Josiah Coffin, 77.

In Lynn, Dr. *Elias Smith*, aged 77.

In Mobile, June 30, *Charles A. Stuart*, 42, late editor of the Merchants' and Planters' Price Current, and for many years connected with the office of the Mobile Register.

In Boston, July 12, of appoplexy, *John F. Priest*, Esq. aged 60.

In Boston, July 8, Mrs. *Susan Champion*, 38, widow of Rev. George Champion, formerly Missionaries to the Zulus, in Southern Africa.

NOTICES.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

To the Members and Friends of the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

We would remind you that the annual meeting of the State Society is to take place at Kennett Meeting-house, in Chester county, on Wednesday, the 5th of August, at 10 o'clock, A. M. and invite you to be present, punctually at the hour, and to bring with you as many of your friends as possible.

Since our enterprise first took an organized form, there has been no period more deeply interesting than the present; none more calculated to inspire hope; none that has made louder demands for watchful fidelity. The cause imperiously requires that we should come together in our whole strength, and come prepared to give and to labor. For our own part, we dare not be absent, when we remember that the injustice and blindness of the master, and the degradation of the slave, exist in part because of our inactivity. We feel bound to be present, and that we may encourage and be encouraged, and that we may give our aid, if it should be but by an uplifted hand, to cheer on those who with us are laboring for the day of emancipation.

Shall it be said that we are lukewarm, when the whole community is up in arms at the dictation of the slave power? Let none be discouraged, and say they feel as though they could do nothing, and that it is useless for them to go. Even were this true, it only proves the necessity on the part of such of their coming together to ascertain what they can do, and to see and to hear those who can testify to the happy effects of laboring in this holy cause. But it is not true; the weakest among us has more power than the strongest of our enemies. Every one has power, who has been endued with the spirit of Freedom, and baptized into sympathy with the pining and down-stricken bondman. Let us remember the number of those for whose deliverance we labor, and that our most earnest appeals are tame compared with those the slave would make, were he himself present; and let remembrances like these stimulate us to action.

We hope to see at the coming meeting a full representation of the abolitionism of the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society; and we trust, too, that we shall all come together in such a spirit of self-forgetfulness and devotion to the right, that words shall be uttered, and deeds done, which shall hasten with accelerated rapidity the slave's freedom from bondage and our country's deliverance from disgrace.

JAMES MOTT, *Ch'm.*
HAWORTH WETHERALD, *Sec.*

PHILANTHROPIC ORDER OF SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—UNITED STATES.

This is an Order of Sons of Temperance, recently established among the colored population of the city of New-York, a charter having been granted them from a Division of Sons of Temperance, in this city. Their forms, ceremonies, rules, and regulations, are identically the same, in letter and spirit, with the Order of the Sons of Temperance in this country, and their objects the same.

Though but recently established, they already have Divisions in three States. One has been opened in Wilmington, Delaware, and one in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

They are now ready to grant charters on application, and to establish Divisions in any part of the country. Application for charters must be made in writing, signed by at least, eight persons of good character, and certified of reputable standing in the community in which they live, accompanied with $5 00 as a charter fee, directed to Mr. Jacob Francis, No. 14 Thomas street, New-York. One great object had in view, in the establishment of this Order, coincident with that of promoting a more general co-operation in the noble cause of Temperance, is the hope of cementing our brethren in a closer bond of union.

We have, therefore, laid our platform broad, and general, anticipating the spread of the Order throughout the country, and the existence of a National Society, whose subordinate Divisions, shall be established in every section of the country.

We make this announcement for the information of our brethren, that they may avail themselves of the advantages of this Order.

THEO. S. WRIGHT,
NEWPORT F. HENRY,
ROBERT HAMILTON,
HENRY W. JOHNSON,
GEO. C. VANDOSEN,
EDWARD H. TRACY,
GEO. SIMPSON,
R. P. G. WRIGHT,
ALEXANDER MOORE,
CÆSAR OGDEN,
WM. H. SMITH,
JACOB FRANCIS,
CHARLES B. RAY.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF THE WEST.

NEW-YORK, June 1st, 1846.

The American Anti-Slavery Society, at its late annual meeting, in New-York,

"Resolved, That in view of the present exigencies of the cause, and the plan of the campaign of the ensuing year, we will raise the sum of ten thousand dollars."

In accordance with this resolution, the Executive Committee of the Society resolved that a special fund be raised in the West to sustain agency in that field, and farther resolved to contribute from the Treasury of the Society, for that purpose,

	$400 00
Thomas Donaldson, pledged	10 00
Mary Donaldson, "	50 00
C. B. Taylor, of Pittsburgh,	50 00
Total,	600 00

All subscriptions and donations to this fund, will be promptly acknowledged in the Anti-Slavery Bugle; and the friends of the cause are urgently solicited to forward their names, with the amount they are willing to contribute, to be paid within the year, to James Barnaby, Jr. or the editors of the Anti-Slavery Bugle, at Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio.

Individuals are requested to become volunteer agents to procure subscriptions in their respective neighborhoods, and to forward the names of contributors with the amount subscribed as above specified.

Abolitionists of the West, shall not the above sum be quadrupled? Your replies to that question will be heard in your actions? Will you not act? With a little effort, the sum may be more than quadrupled, and eight or ten lecturing agents kept in the field during the year.

Respectfully, SAMUEL BROOKE,
Gen'l. Ag't. Am. A. S. Soc. for West

WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Western New York Anti Slavery Society has held its Third Anniversary, and to awaken, to inform, and to inspire the American people with a true sense of the iniquity of Slavery existing in our country, and to endeavor to interest their sympathies in the cause of the poor slave, we make this appeal to an intelligent public; confidently hoping that the hearts of the people will yet be made to beat in unison with liberty, that their eyes will be opened to perceive the evil working of oppression, and their ears unstopped to hear the cries of the down-trodden; to send forth an earnest voice and an efficient deed in behalf of the *right*, to assist with heart, hand, and purse in the destruction of the vile temple of Slavery, and in the strength of their moral resolves to work out the salvation of the enslaved, and to hasten the coming of that glorious day when men shall be slaves and oppressors no more.

Now is the time for every lover of liberty to weave for himself a garland of gratitude in the heart of the slave; to stretch forth his hand and raise him to the level of humanity.

> To strike from his limbs the fetters that bind,
> And lift the dark pall, that envelops his mind.

To accomplish this end, it is necessary that lectures should be delivered, and books and papers on the subject circulated; therefore the Executive Committee of the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society have engaged for a lecturer and general agent, WILLIAM W. BROWN, an eloquent and efficient laborer in the anti slavery field; one who has felt in his own person the evils of Slavery, and with the strong voice of experience can tell of its horrors. While thus engaged he is dependent for his sustenance on the aid of the philanthropist; we would, therefore, ask of you to contribute of your abundance to the support of those who are laboring in the cause of our suffering brethren of the South, and to ask your friends and neighbors to do the same, however small the sum may be, and the blessing of those "who have none to help them" will rest upon you.

You are also respectfully informed that the anti-slavery ladies of the city of Rochester have determined to sacrifice their time and means for the purpose of holding a fair on Christmas week of this year, and New Year's day of next year; the proceeds of which are to be applied for the spreading of anti-slavery truth, in the most judicious way, for the benefit of the slave.

Any assistance that can be rendered them in carrying out this plan, either in useful or ornamental work from the hands of ladies, agricultural produce from the industry and kind hearts of farmers, or specimens of mechanical ingenuity from those who work in wood, brass, iron, or any other material, will be thankfully received, and give evidence that there is "still flesh in man's obdurate heart that feels for fellow-man."

Donations of any kind may be placed in the hands of the general agent, WM. W. BROWN, or directed to HENRY BUSH, Treasurer, Rochester, N. Y., also communications may be addressed to the same persons,

JOSEPH C. HATHAWAY, President.
SARAH A. BURTIS, Secretary.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Dear Friends: At the late annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, measures were adopted to sustain a number of able and devoted lecturers in this State, during the present year. One (Parker Pillsbury) is already in the field. Several others will soon enter. It is desirable so to arrange their labors in connection with other anti-slavery agencies, as to accomplish the greatest amount of good. Of these, the quarterly meetings of the county societies may be justly regarded as among the most efficient.

It is now proposed to the friends in the several counties, to hold their quarterly meetings in the following order, as nearly at regular intervals as may be, throughout the year, viz:

Bristol,	Wednesday,	July	15
Plymouth,	First of August celebration.		
Essex,	Thursday	August	13
Middlesex,	Wednesday,	"	26
Worcester North,	Tuesday,	Sept.	8
Worcester South,	Tuesday,	"	22
Norfolk,	Tuesday,	Oct.	6
Bristol,	Saturday,	"	17
Plymouth,	Thursday,	"	29
Essex,	Wednesday,	Nov.	11
Middlesex,	Tuesday,	"	24
Worcester North,	Saturday,	Dec.	5
Worcester South,	Wednesday,	"	16
Norfolk,	Tuesday,	"	29

The advantages to be derived from such an arrangement are, first, it would enable the General Agent, and one or more of the lecturing agents, to attend all the quarterly meetings in addition to their other labors, thereby giving additional interest as well as efficacy to those meetings. Second, it would break the monotony of a lecturer's life,—and by meeting so frequently with a large number of the tried and faithful friends of the cause, it would serve to cheer and encourage them in the performance of their arduous labors; and their travels, (should this proposal be acceded to,) will be so arranged as to enable them all to attend the county meetings. Third—It would produce greater harmony of action; and, consequently, a better understanding of the movements among the friends in different parts of the State.

The friends are requested to preserve this plan for future reference; and should anything occur to prevent any of the meetings taking place at the time indicated, such alterations can be made as circumstances may require.

Those to whom the Memorial to the Legislature was sent, asking for a dissolution of the Union, are requested to send them in without delay; as the attention of that body will soon be so closely engaged with money-making corporations, that it is to be feared they will have no time to bestow upon the great question of human rights.

Those who have in charge the taking of collections and subscriptions to the Agency Fund, are also requested to make returns soon, as the Board wish to know on what to rely; so that they need not employ more lecturers than they have the means of sustaining.

Yours, for Freedom,
LORING MOODY,
General Agent of the Mass. A. S. Society.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.	
Pot, first sort 1846.	3.80 a 3 86¼
Pearl	4 00 a 4 06¼
CANDLES.	
Mould, tallow lb	9 a 11
Sperm	26 a 28
Stearic do.	22 a 25
COAL.	
Liverpool, chaldron,	7 00 a 7.25
Newcastle	6 00 a 7 00
Scotch	6 00 a 6.50
Sidney and Pictou	6.00 a 6 50
Anthracite, 2,000lbs.	5.00 a 6 00
COFFEE.	
Java, Gov't per lb.	6¾ a 11
Sumatra	7¾ a 8
Porto Rico	6½ a 8½
Laguayra	8 a 8½
Cuba	6 a 7
Brazil	7 a 8
St. Domingo	6 a 7
COTTON.	
New Orleans	6½ a 10
Alabama	6 a 10
Florida	6¼ a 9¼
Upland	6 a 7½
Upland, fair	7½ a 8
Upland, good and fair	8¼ a 8¾
DOMESTICS.	
Shirtings, brown 3-4	5¼ a 6
do. do. 7-8	6 a 7
do. bleached	7 a 9
do. S. I. do.	7 a 11
Sheetings, brown 4-4	7½ a 8½
do. do. 5-4	10¼ a 12½
do. bleached 4-4	7 a 12
do. do. 5-4	12 a 15
Calicoes, blue	7 a 12
do. fancy	8 a 14
Plaids	8 a 11
Stripes, fast colors	8 a 10
Satinetts	40 a 75
Checks 4-4	8 a 12
Cotton yarn, 5 a 13	15 a 16
do. 14 a 19	18 a 20
do. 20 a 28	22 a 23
DRUGS & DYES.	
Alum, lb.	2¼ a 3
Cochineal, Honduras,	1.65 a 1.70
Copperas	1¼ a 1½
Gum Myrrh, E. Indies,	8 a 11
do. copal washed	31 a 40
do. Arabic Turkey,	25 a 36
Madder, Dutch	8 a 12
Oil of Anis	1.40 a 1.45
do. castor, gall.	62½ a .65
Tartaric acid, lb.	30 a 31
Verdigris	17 a 22
Vitriol, blue	a 7½
DYEWOODS.	
Brazilletto, ton	18.00 a 25.00
Camwood	21.50 a 60.00
Fustic, Cuba	30.00 a 31.50
do. Tampico	22.00 a 23.00
Logwood, Cpy.	22.50 a 26.50
FEATHERS.	
Live, foreign lb.	15 a 25
do. American	28 a 32
FISH.	
Dry cod, cwt.	2.50 a 2.75
Dry scale	1.50 a 1.56¼
Pickled, bbl.	3.25 a 3.37½
do. salmon,	12.50 a 13.00
Smoked do. lb.	.9 a .10
Mackerel, 1, bbl.	. a 10.00
do. No. 2	6 00 a 8.50
do. No. 3	5.50 a [illegible]
Shad, Ct. hf. bbl.	4.37½ a 4.50
Ruckep't. bbl.	. a .
Mass. do.	a .
Herring, pickled	. a 3.25
do. scale, per box,	a .50
do. No. 1	a .
do. No. 2	a .
FLAX.	
Russia, lb.	6 a 11
American	8 a 8½
FLOUR & MEAL.	
Genesee per bbl.	4.00 a 4.06¼
Troy	4.— a 4 —
Michigan	3 87½ a 3 93¾
Ohio, round and flat	3.87½ a 3.93¾
Pennsylvania	3.87½ a
Brandywine	4.00 a 4.25
Georgetown	4.12½ a 4.25
Baltimore c. mills	4.00 a 4 12½
Richmond c. mills	5.75 a
do. country	4 12½ a 4.25
Alexandria	4.00 a 4.
Fredericksburg	4.00 a 4.
Petersburg	4.00 a 4.
Rye flour	2.50 a 2.75
Indian meal	2.75 a 3.00
do. per hhd.	15.00 a 15 25
GRAIN.	
Wheat, Western and N. York, per bushel,	.95 a 1.00
do. Southern new	.80 a .85
Rye northern	64 a .70
Corn north'n & Jersey	60 a .65
Southern (weight)	— a .—
Barley, N.R.	58 a .60
Oats, northern	35 a .—
do. southern	27 a .28
do. New-Jersey	
Beans, &c.	6.12 a 7.62½
HEMP.	
Russia, clean, ton	205.00 a 210.00
do. outshot	.00 a .00
Manilla	138.00 a 14[illegible]
American, dew rot	80.00 a 97.50
do. water rot	120.00 a 170.[illegible]
HIDES.	
B. A. & Rio Grande, lb.	12½ a 13
California	4 a 10
Orinoco	11 a 11
Mexican	10¼ a 11
S. American horse, piece	a
Calcutta, dry	65 a .75
HOPS.	
First sort 1844, lb.	12½ a 15½
HORNS.	
Ox, hundred	6 00 a 9 00
Cow	1.00 a 3 00

IRON.	
Pig, Eng. & Sc. ton	38.00 a 40.00
do. American	34.00 a 36.00
Bar do. rolled	87.50 a 90.00
do. Russia P.S.I.	102.50 a 105 00
do. do. N. Sable	95.00 a 97.50
do. Swedes	90.00 a 92.50
do. Eng. com.	77.50 a 80.00
do. do. refined	87 50 a 90.00
Sheet E. & Am. lb.	6 a 6½
Hoop do. do. cwt.	5.50 a 6 50
LEAD.	
Pig, 100 lbs.	3.68 a 4.25
Bar, lb.	4½ a 4¾
Sheet	4½ a 5
LEATHER.	
Oak lb. (sole,)	18 a 22
Hemlock, light	12½ a 14
do. middle	12½ a 14
do. heavy,	11½ a 12½
do. damaged	6½ a 11
LUMBER.	
Boards, N. R. M. ft.	35.00 a 40.00
do. east pine	11 00 a 13.00
do. Albany, piece	10 a .18
Plank Ga. pine, M. ft.	27.00 a 30.00
Scantling pine	14.00 a 15 00
do. oak	30.00 a 35.00
Timber oak, cu. ft.	.22 a .23
do. Gn. yel. pine	20 a .22
Shingles, cy. M.	11.00 a 13.00
Staves w. o. pipe M.	50.00 a 52.00
do. do. hhd.	40.00 a 42.50
do. do. bbl.	30.00 a 32.00
do. r oak hhd.	28.00 a 30.00
Heading, w. o.	40.00 a 45.00
Hoops	25.00 a 30.00
MOLASSES.	
New-Orleans, gall.	30 a 31
Porto Rico	25 a 27
St. Croix	26 a 28
Trinidad, Cuba, Muscovado	24 a 26
Martinique & Guanal.	— a
Havana & Matanzas	15 a 16
Nuevitas	26 a 28
NAILS.	
Cut, 4d a 40d per lb.	4 a 4½
(3d 1 cent and 2d 2 cents more.)	
Wrought, 6d a 20d	10 a 12½
Horseshoe, No. 7 a 8	18 a 20
NAVAL STORES.	
Tar, bbl.	1.62½ a 1.75
Pitch	1.00 a 1.25
Rosin, N. C. & W.	65 a 70
Turp. Wil'ton soft	3.50 a 4.00
do. N. C. soft	3.50 a 4.00
Spirits turp'tine gal.	30 a 32
OILS.	
Olive, in casks, gall.	85 a 88
Linseed, American	60 a 63
Whale refined	50 a 55
Sperm, crude	82 a 84
do. winter	95 a 96
Lard oil,	60 a 65
PROVISIONS.	
Beef mess bbl.	6.37½ a 7.00
do. prime	4 37½ a 5.00
Pork, mess new.	8.37½ a 8.50
do. prime old	7.62½ a
do. cargo	a
Hog's lard	6¼ a 6¾
Butter, West dairy	10 a 12
do. Orange county	14 a 16
do. common	8 a 10
Cheese, Am. lb.	7 a 8
Hams smoked	6 a 7
RICE.	
Ordinary, 100 lbs.	3 12½ a 3.25
Good to prime,	3.37½ a 3.75
SALT.	
Turks Island, bushel,	32 a 34
Bonaire	32 a 34
Curacoa	a
Iviça	
Cadiz	22 a
St. Kitts	a
Lisbon	23 a 24
Liverpool, gr'd, blk.	a 90
do. do. sack	1.05 a 1 20
do. do. fine	1.30 a 1.37½
SOAP.	
New-York, brown lb.	3½ a 5½
Castile	8½ a 8¾
STEEL.	
German lb.	10½ a 13
English, hoop L.	13 a 13½
Trieste, in boxs	6½ a 7
American	5 a
Spring	5½ a 8
SUGARS.	
St. Croix, lb.	7½ a 9
New-Orleans	5½ a 7¾
Cuba, Muscovado	6 a 7
Porto Rico	6¾ a 8
Havana, white	8 a 10¾
do. brown	7 a 8½
Cuba, white	8½ a 8
do. brown	6¼ a 8
Brazil, white	8 a 10
Manilla, brown	8 a
Loaf	11¼ a
Crushed	11¾ a
TALLOW.	
Foreign, lb.	
American	6¾ a 7
TEAS.	
Imperial, lb.	35 a .90
Gunpowder	35 a .90
Hyson	40 a .85
Young Hyson	35 a .85
Hyson skin	22 a 60
Souchong, Powch'g, &c.	15 a 55
Bohea	a
TIN.	
Block, South Am. lb.	a
do. East India	15¾ a 16
In plates ⅝ box	8.00 a 8.25
WOOL.	
Am. Sax'y. fleece, lb.	38 a 40
do. merino	36 a 38
Pulled, superfine	28 a 30
No. 1	25 a 26
No. 2	20 a 22

Poetry.

FLOWERS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Day stars! that ope your eyes with morn to twinkle,
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lovely altars sprinkle,
As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer!

Not to the domes, where crumbling arch and column,
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned!

To that cathedral boundless as our wonder
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky!

There as in solitude and shade I wander,
Through the lone aisles or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence reverently ponder
The ways of God!

Your voiceless lips, Oh, flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook!

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor,
Weep without sin and blush without a crime,
Oh may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
Your love sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lillies cry, "in robes like ours!"
How vain your grandeur! Oh how transitory
Are human flowers!

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist!
With which thou paintest nature's wide spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest,
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er field and wave by day and night;
From every source your presence bids one treasure
Harmless delight!

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary,
For such a world of thought could furnish scope,
Each fading calyx a "memento mori;"
Yet fount of hope!

Posthumous glories, angel-like collection,
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

◆

VOICES FROM THE CROWD.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

We make no boast of Waterloo;
Its name excites no pride in us;
We have no hatred of the French,
No scorn of Yankee or of Russ.
The GLORY that our fathers gained
In bloody warfare years agone,
And which they talk of o'er their cups,
Gives us no joy to think upon.

In truth we rather love the French,
And think our fathers did them wrong;
And sometimes blush when in the streets,
Quite out of date, an ancient song—
Ghost of a prejudice—comes back,
And tells us how, in days gone out,
The best of Englishmen was he,
Who put a dozen French to rout.

We have no foolish thoughts like these,
Of France, or any other land;
And jealousies so poor and mean,
We're somewhat slow to understand.
We'd rather with our friends, the French,
Encourage kindliness of thought,
Than gain a score of Waterloos,
Or any battle ever fought.

And in this year of "forty-six,"
We rising men, in life's young prime,
Are men who think the French have done
The world good service in their time.
And for their sakes, and for our own,
And freedom's sake o'er all the earth,
We'd rather let old feuds expire,
And cling to something better worth.

If thought of battles gained by us
Disturb or gall them, let it rest;
Napoleon was a man of men,
But neither wickedest nor best:
Neither a demon nor a god;
And if they will adore a king,
The honest man who rules them now
Deserves a little worshipping.

To be at strife, however just,
Has no attraction to our mind:
And as for nations fond of war,
We think them pests of human kind.
Still—if there *must* be rivalry
Betwixt us and the French;—why then
Let earth behold us, while we show
Which of the two are better men.

We'll try the rivalry of Arts,
Of Science, Learning, Freedom, Fame—
We'll try who first shall light the world
With Charity's divinest flame—
Who best shall elevate the poor,
And teach the wealthy to be true—
We want no rivalry of arms,
We want no boast of Waterloo.
C. M.

◆

From the London Inquirer.

LITTLE THINGS.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
Waiting its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be;
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it, silently.

Work and despair not; give thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the Right,

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT;

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(*From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.*)

The stout M. de Charmilly burst into a laugh. "Faith!" said he, "you believe, then, that the conspiracies are mere inventions set on foot for the sake of balls at the cape and to empty Blancheland's pocket? My good friend, how do you dare to say that? What the deuce! how many lives have you to lose, that you make such speeches?"

"Only one," replied the officer, "and that is devoted to my country and to freedom, and not to this ridiculous nonsense, and to the brute hatred of castes."

"Keep cool, Mr. Officer," cried the little Marquis de Borel, in a rage, throwing dark looks at the young man. "I tell you, our greatest curse always comes from France. She sends here, friends of negroes, demagogues, fanatics, and hair-brained fools, with the philosophical ideas of the saloons, as they call them. But we shall make short work with them. We shall know how to keep our slaves, and have a gallows ready for their friends from Europe."

"This speech," said the officer, coolly, and proudly, "proves more than anything I could say."

"And you hear it from a man," cried Borel, "who has already made wilder heads quiet."

"Yes, I recollect," said Vincent, with a sneer. "The brave, unfortunate Mauduit could tell us something of that."

"Death and destruction to traitors!" cried Borel, and his long, pale face grew dark, "That infamous Mauduit deserved the punishment he got, and the same fate awaits every one who dares to meddle with our rights." In his wrath he looked at the negro, who, without manifesting any sign of interest in what was said, was walking patiently along by the side of the horse, and only now and then cast a furtive glance at the disputants.

"What are you doing here, you brute?" cried he, and seized the whip hanging at his saddle. "Hear you, how they insult your masters?"

With this he made a sudden stroke at the negro, who, as quickly evaded the blow, which only aggravated Borel's rising fury. "Seize him, the dog," cried he to his two slaves, "bind him, tie him fast. He shall pay for his insolence."

"Keep off!" exclaimed Vincent, excited, and pushing his horse on before the negro to protect him. "What madness seizes you, that you would abuse this poor harmless creature?"

He caught the upraised arm of the planter, and seized hold of the whip. The broad palm-leaf hat fell from Borel's head, the blazing glare of the sun shone upon his features and showed them distorted with the utmost rage. The little, broad-shouldered man, whose dark brow was overshadowed by his thick bushy hair, seemed as if he wished to annihilate the negro with a glance. "Cursed race!" he shrieked, in a yet hoarser tone, "I would they were all stretched dead at my feet. *Harrache!* brave citizen of Jacmel, hamstring this old scoundrel. Ha! I read mischief in his black head. He is brooding over conspiracies. He is the ringleader. He will murder us all. Seize him! put him to the rack! Confess, you dog, or you shall be roasted in the sugar oven, like the black cook of Leopane."

He sought to disengage himself from Vincent. "Help me, M. de Charmilly," called the officer. "He is frantic."

Suddenly the elder of the two ladies urged her horse briskly up to the side of the Marquis. Her fine face expressed great excitement, and her large, imperious eye lighted with anger. "Look here! M. de Borel," said she, "what means this boyish fury against a wretched slave? Away with the black, let him run. He may go and tell his master of our approach, and you, M. de Borel, I command you, be quiet. Follow me. There is Breda. Come, gentlemen." She seized the reins of her ambler, who sprang down the hill into the valley of the plantation. The Marquis obeyed, and followed her, his servants at his heels, and the negro, with the speed of a hunted animal, fled to the *field* of sugar cane towards the huts and houses in the distance. The others proceeded more slowly. De Charmilly looked earnestly forward; and his pale niece still trembled at the unexpected scene which had suddenly risen like one of the fierce hurricanes of that hot land, which rush down out of a quiet sky and cover land and sea with the tokens of their rage; but Vincent, agitated and indignant, found it impossible to control himself.

"How is it possible," he exclaimed, "that such a madman should be trusted with power over hundreds of human beings, whom, of course, he must treat with all the brutality of his brutal passions. In Europe he would be locked up in a madhouse. But here he is an honorable member of the Provincial Assembly."

"And through his wife, one of the wealthiest of our landlords," added the stout planter. "A furious friend of freedom, a zealot for the rights of men, that is white men, who alone are really human beings, a bitter enemy of the old monarchy, a severe master of his property, the black slaves, a still more bitter enemy of the arrogant mulattoes, the deadly foe of Rigaud & Co. Raging to madness against everything he hates, the prototype of a genuine St. Domingo planter, the head of his party, and in many things, not wanting in sense, when he is not so irritated as you just now saw him."

Vincent looked inquiringly at the speaker, and shook his head incredulously.

"Ay, my young Sir," continued Charmilly, "one, who, like you, has been here on this volcano only a few days, knows little of the things that have taken place here. You have escorted my dear Helen from her boarding-school of France, and have earned my warmest thanks. I esteem you greatly as a brave youth, whose European notions of liberty and equality, however, do not at all suit here. Take the advice of an old man. Either become a Creole, heart and soul, or hasten away, the sooner the better, for ill luck and ruin will be upon your heels."

"My fate has led me hither," answered Vincent. "The command of my superiors and my country keeps me here; but even if it were not so, I should, nevertheless, remain." He glanced gently but sadly at the fair rider at his side. She blushed slightly. "Only too true is it, my dear Sir," continued he, with animation, "that menacing storms are brewing, and that this last place of rest will be suddenly and unexpectedly broken up. The mother-country has decreed the freedom of the colored population. The proud planters have despised the decree, and now it has been revoked even in Paris, because it is not yet time, they say; but the mulattoes are in arms, the whites even are torn by divisions, and if the blacks break their chains, you may all well tremble."

"Et tu, Brute!" cried the planter, laughing. Dream of anything in the world, but not of the rising of these stupid black devils. What would this wretched rabble do? Believe me, an insurrection among the dogs of the rich planters would be more dangerous. Ten Europeans would frighten *ten thousand slaves*, and Borel himself, insanely mad as he is, would, in his calm moment, laugh at the idea of such a rebellion. They torment the poor Governor-General with it, that is all, but the mulattoes, this cunning knot of yellow snakes, they are the real hyenas, and all our troubles would be quieted, if the hate of centuries could only bring itself to offer the hand to these. The mulattoes have enjoyed education, they possess property, and, with the blood of their fathers, they inherit ambition and some taste. And all this is heightened by our hot sun, and mixed up with the savage passions of the African. The black creatures feel nothing of this. They tremble before the white man, laugh when he laughs, are ready to act the hangman for their own brothers, and are incapable of thinking of yesterday and to-morrow."

"I hear, everywhere, echoing around me, the language of contempt," replied Vincent, "but nothing is more certain in its retribution than this. Borel's words against the negro, sound prophetic. I saw the black man, whom he threatened, raise his sparkling eyes as boldly, as if he were actually at the head of a conspiracy, and were at that moment, resolving upon the destruction of his tormentors."

"You know not, that you yourself awakened Borel's fury," said the planter, "and his rage was directed only against you. There was a time, and that very recent, when his proud wife's love for the unfortunate Mauduit was as violent as the hatred into which it changed. Borel obtained her hand under the promise of destroying him. He kept his word, but the bloody shade of the murdered man pursues the murderer, and when you, half-unconsciously, uttered the name of the unhappy man, all the furies awoke in him. Take care of yourself, Mr. St. Vincent, that moment Borel became your deadly enemy, and his wife will never forget it against you. This beautiful woman is dangerous, in her love as in her hatred, and the look which she threw upon you at parting, was, perhaps, an oath to compass your destruction."

"From her love, and her hatred, then, I must try to protect myself," replied the young officer, laughing.

"And here is the beautiful, cool, country house," cried Charmilly, "and Libertas, like a polite host, awaits us at the door."

The shaded avenue opened before them. Upon a slight eminence stood the pleasant edifice, with lattices and gauze windows. The clear plate glass of the upper story announced wealth, the pillars of the veranda were covered with fragrant vines. Three broad sycamores threw their rich shade over the house, and the whole slope, before it was a brilliant flower-garden. Far on all sides stretched richly cultivated fields, and at the foot of the slope stood the cottages of the slaves, each surrounded by its little garden and fruit patch. Near by appeared the work-shops, and sugar-mills, and farming buildings, surrounded by high walls, and filled with active, noisy laborers. It was a fine picture of a rich plantation. Everywhere was heard the din of labor, the hammering and beating in the work-shops, the turning and screaming of wheels and machinery. Here coopers were employed on huge casks, or the dents in the copper vessels were beaten out by clattering strokes, that fell like hail. The Herculean figures of the half-naked, black workmen, were clustered around their various points of labor, and among them, here and there, was seen a white officer, in a green coat and yellow palm-leaf hat, but still more readily distinguished by a heavy knotted whip of cowhide, the dreaded sign of his authority, hanging from his wrist. Columns of steam ascended from the distilleries, and a fiery glare shone out of the sugar-house, where, in huge kettles, the sweet juice of the cane was undergoing evaporation, and received its first refining. Now and then there arose, out of the din, the fearful wild accord of a sudden shriek. It seemed like the wail of the damned, imploring help out of the hell of their agonies; and Vincent's heart sickened as he looked down upon the gloomy buildings out of which these harsh discords arose.

The slender figure of M. Libertas appeared at the door. He received his guests at the threshold. The Creole features, narrow, hard, and proud, put on an expression of polite welcome, and M. de Charmilly was received with special respect.

"All well, my dear Intendant," cried the stout planter. "I trust they have told you of our approach."

"The Marquis de Borel and his lady are in the saloon," said Libertas.

"Right," answered Charmilly, smiling, "let the poor Marquis have a cooling, and enjoy his lemonade; he needs rest. We came up with him on the way hither, and came on *together*, until a trifling incident drove the Marquis on before us."

"He has accused my coachman of impudence," said Libertas. "I will have the rascal whipped."

"Poh!" cried Charmilly, "the black fellow was not to blame, as I can testify. You know, Borel always seeks a vent for his wrath upon a black head, and it is not of much consequence if the dogs do receive a few blows more or less; but this time it was all our fault, so I pray your mercy."

While they spoke, several of the house slaves approached to take charge of the horses. The innocent negro was among them, directing his companions to lead the heated horses round, to rub down their legs with straw, and loosen their saddle-girths.

"Come here, *Toussaint*," said Libertas, sharply. The negro submissively took off his hat, and bowed before his master. "What have you done, you old good-for-nothing?" asked the Intendant.

"I went to look after the creatures that were feeding in the valley, Massa," said he, calmly; "and the gentleman called to me, and asked whether Massa Libertas was at home. They talked then about things which I did not understand, and suddenly I was struck at, and would have been killed if"—and here he threw a bright look at Vincent—"the young massa had not protected me."

"He speaks the truth, the poor man," interrupted Vincent, eagerly; "it was just as he says."

"I also can testify to it," cried Helen, beseechingly, and approaching the Intendant. "O! M. Libertas, you will not punish the innocent. He called you his kind master."

"My niece, just from France, and M. St. Vincent, who has brought you letters from Count Noe, here, are two eloquent intercessors, friend Libertas, and I think you will pardon the black creature this time."

"A *noble* gentleman has preferred complaints against him," replied the planter, with sternness, "and desires him to be punished. Out of my sight, you rascal, I will pull you shining coat off your skin, and you shall work a week in the mill, where the whip shall teach you wisdom. Away, and present yourself for work to-morrow morning."

The black bowed, and retired. Libertas extended his hand to his guests, and begged them to enter.—The saloon was covered with mats, and adorned with costly furniture. Slaves hastened to bring fresh lemonade. Wine, spring-water, sugar, and preserved fruits, the choicest viands of the island, were served in silver vessels and dishes. In a few moments Borel entered, with his lady. The little Marquis with the dark countenance, had become composed, his beautiful proud wife hastened towards the company, and with great grace relieved the embarrassment of the meeting.

The conversation turned upon the mother country, and Paris, that metropolis of the world, and many inquiries were made and answered. Vincent and Helen sought in turn to satisfy the curiosity of the others, but the Marquis sate silent and immoveable, with his eyes cast down, and Libertas was occupied with the letters which the officer had delivered to him. With every line his countenance grew brighter, till at last he crushed the paper together, and brandishing it in the air, he exclaimed, "Victoria! good news at last from the other side of the water! The *confused* heads of the National Assembly, the Barnaves and Lafayettes, and whatever they are called, have come at last to see where their mad zeal for liberty was leading them. The Decree of the 15th of May, which promised equal rights and privileges to all the colored population of this Island, and kindled the civil war here, is to be revoked. The Club Massiac, our brave brothers, have conquered; and the abominable society of the Friends of the Negroes, is completely baffled, and put down. They write me that it is certain, and charge me to keep a watchful eye upon the blacks, of whose desire for freedom they have strange notions. The blacks! O! the fools on the other side of the water do not know, that if the mulattoes are kept down, we can take care of the blacks. Our sugar-mills, our whips, yes, the whips alone, will put an end to any stir among *them*."

The stout M. de Charmilly gave signs of his pleasure, and looked at the officer with an air of triumph.

"And yet," said Vincent, "I very much doubt whether this victory of the Club Massiac will be of any long duration. The excitement is great in France, and greatest of all in Paris. The universal voice imperatively demands the liberty of all men, no matter what may be the color of their skin. They will not be able to resist this powerful voice."

"But we *will* resist it," exclaimed Borel, starting from his reverie. "You had not reached this Island, Mr. Officer, when the shameful decree of the 15th of May came to us. You saw not its effect, and this excuses you. But just hear what they did. They cursed France and its crazy lawgivers. They tore off the national cockade, and trampled it under foot. They laid an embargo on the ships in the harbor, confiscated French property, and swore by all that's holy, rather to bury themselves under the ruins of this Island, than recognize these miserable yellow slaves as fellow-citizens."

"The glorious unanimity and firmness of the National Assembly at Leogane, saved us," cried Libertas. "A hundred and seventy-six Deputies rejected that shameful decree with one voice. The Governor-General was forced to deliver up the dispatches from the Ministers, and the arrogance of the mulattoes has been punished in their blood."

"And are they now conquered?" asked Vincent. "Plantations have been laid waste, acts of violence perpetrated. Yet Bigaud and his brothers, with their troops, are still in arms. Camps have been formed in the West. Open conflict rages at the South, and here, in the North, it is only with the greatest difficulty that rebellion is kept down."

"There is, in this quarter, a sure means of defence," said de Charmilly, who had swallowed, in swift succession, several glasses of the fiery Cape wine, "and more than one of us has thought of it. Look over there, towards Jamaica, where ten thousand red-coats, and a fine fleet, appear only to be waiting for us to call them. If France cannot and will not protect us, England both can and will."

"Who dares to think of dishonoring the French name by such a proceeding?" said Borel, with rising passion.

"I dare," replied Charmilly, quietly. "France dishonors herself when she exposes us to ruin so thoughtlessly. We have a right to seek help and

"What, among foreigners!" exclaimed Borel, contemptuously, "among the eternal enemies of our country? Are we not strong enough to defend our own rights? Let them establish the Republic in France, we will have another here."

"Ah, that is a fine plan," said Charmilly, with a smile of scorn, "and I trust you know, also, how that could be brought about. The little trifling divisions here would soon be healed. There is a multitude of old officials, and some thick-headed gentlemen of the proudest blood, who think of nothing but the restoration of the old monarchy, and in opposition to them stand a mass of small landholders, who talk of nothing but of the liberty and equality of all the white people, and who long to dance around liberty trees, and sing mad songs, and these hate the aristocrats about as much as they hate the yellow and black skins. Then we have an overwhelming number of worthy and active men, whose fathers and grandfathers have amassed property here. There are the true Creoles, who consider St. Domingo as their true country, and who curse, from the bottom of their hearts, the fancied superiority of the pure white skins, who come here every year to die of the coast fever, the yellow fever, the *mal de Siam*, or whatever other plagues there may be. These true patriots are remarkable lovers of liberty, for it would relieve them from the yoke of government, the contempt of the officials, and the haughtiness of the arrogant children of the mother country; but wo to him who should venture to maintain that liberty is for others as well as for them! The wheel and the axe await the criminal, and we have had some pretty instances of the Creole love of equality. And besides, there are many hot-blooded zealots and fanatics, called philosophers, quite distinguished young gentlemen, whom the mother country sends over to us," and here he threw a contemptuous look at St. Vincent, "who come here in troops, with high philosophical ideas. According to their opinion, all who bear the name of human beings have equal rights and claims. Injustice and Slavery reign here, base selfishness depopulates Africa of her children. Humanity is disgraced, the times are out of joint, vices of the most frightful kind, fearful crimes have been, and are still, practised. But the moment of revenge approaches, universal freedom is the law, and the enthusiasm of these people can hardly keep them from throwing themselves into the arms of the first mulattoes and blacks they meet, calling them friends and brothers, and joining with them in *the extermination of the infamous creoles*. There is, to be sure," he continued, "a certain party who fancy they see things a little more coolly, and as they really are. This party says to itself, 'when we consider the divisions of the white inhabitants of this Island among themselves, we cannot help laying our heads upon our pillows every night with *a good deal of anxiety*, for who can assure us that we shall ever wake again?' On the French portion of this Island there are twenty thousand whites, sixty thousand mulattoes, and four hundred thousand blacks. The last, indeed, are of no consequence, and yet it cannot be denied, that, if the mulattoes should possibly overcome their deep-rooted hatred of the slaves, and say to them: 'In our veins also flows African blood, we will acknowledge you as brothers, although we have hitherto shamefully denied you, as Peter did the Lord. Let us be one, and with fire and sword annihilate these white oppressors, split as they are among themselves,' it would be all over with us. I know, indeed, very well, that these yellow and black brethren hate one another worse than h—ll, and that the mulattoes have for centuries treated the blacks with a cruelty that might well annihilate all remembrance of their common descent; yet I know, too, that a Creole's heart fears nothing, that the death-despising spirit of the old pirates and buccaniers has descended to their children, but the temptation is too strong, the circumstances are too favorable, and many *hounds* may kill the lion. Let freedom be proclaimed by the mother-country for the mulattoes and blacks, and many hands, the hands of all the young Robespierres and Marats will be armed against us, and make common cause with the oppressed, as they are called. The mulattoes have wealth, understanding, cunning, and never did falser hearts beat in human bosoms. Only too certain is it, that the madness of the people in Paris will rule the hour, and weak as we are, we shall lose life and property if we hesitate to procure for ourselves effectual protection. France sacrifices us to its crazy speculations yet we could easily be saved by recognizing the rights of the mulattoes, if the hereditary hatred of all parties did not render that impossible. So the only thing for us is a close alliance with England, *an acknowledgment* of the superior power of this mighty country, which is able to protect us with its fleets and armies, and restrain the insolence of the rebels."

"And this," cried Borel, with violence, "is your opinion, M. de Charmilly. I know you ventured to broach the same in the Provincial Assembly, and you were treated as you deserved. You were covered with shame, and your expulsion was proposed."

"Singly and alone," replied Charmilly, with a composure which he was hardly able to preserve, "because your blind and furious passions bore sway, because the voice of sense and reason was silenced, because men like you are ready with any violence, to rob us of honor and property. But the time will come, when they will repent it, and curse you and the like of you, and demand justice upon you. It is too late now, for the ground rocks under our feet, and the abyss, which you have opened, will bury us all."

Borel had sprung up, and was eyeing his opponent with indescribable rage. "You," he cried, with choked utterance, "you and your false friends are preparing ruin for us. O! we know you, you concealed aristocrats, you who secretly long for the old regime, who flatter the mulattoes, and treat your slaves with a cunning tenderness, that, when the time comes, they may not cut your throats as well as ours. But you are mistaken; break their chains and you will be the first victims. Libertas, I call you to witness. You hear what M. de Charmilly says."

"Sir Marquis de Borel," said the old planter, proudly, "I will say nothing more to vindicate myself against your charges. I have come here to deliver to M. Libertas, the Intendant of my friend, the Count de Noe, the written command of the latter, directing M. Libertas to act altogether according to my direction, and to accede to the wishes of the party to which I belong."

"A party of traitors," cried Borel. "No true Frenchman can belong to it. M. Libertas will despise these commands. I also am here to require him to be faithful to his country."

"I have mentioned an application to England only as the last resort, to protect our property," resumed the planter, concedingly. "So long as France protects me, I am heart and soul French."

"The high Court at the Cape shall decide," cried the Marquis, glowing with rage. "That knows the traitors. It is something more than conspiracy and murder that you aim at."

The Creole fury glared in Charmilly's eyes. He appeared as if he were about to throw himself upon his accuser. Helen, pale and trembling, threw her arms around him, and Vincent whispered a few brief words in his ear, while Libertas and the wife of the Marquis endeavored to quiet the latter.

"O! the wild passions of men," cried the Marchioness. "Is all decency so utterly vanished from the land, that even the sacred rights of hospitality cannot guard against such outbreaks? Can there be no difference of opinion without suspicion of treason and murder, and must every interchange of thought lead to crimination and crime? The gentler feelings are banished; domestic comfort is annihilated: nothing else is witnessed but ebullitions of hatred and revenge, and all the dear ties are severed, which bind men to men."

"Because they have ceased to know how to be human," said Vincent, seriously.

"Say, rather, because their minds, inflamed by false ideas and dreams, have forgotten the pleasures and manners of our fathers," replied the Marchioness, gently. "We have long lived happy and prosperous; unquestioned in the possession of our estates, we were contented. Hundreds of years we have maintained our rights. Our fathers had won this Island with their blood, they had granted to the mixed race of the mulattoes, property, education, and many privileges; restrained their ambition and their arrogance, for it was easy to see, that unless so much had been conceded, the whites, as the weaker party, would have had to submit to the superior numbers of that race. From Africa slaves were brought hither, human beings, who there led a miserable life, amid deserts, the helpless tools of their chiefs, who raged among them like wild beasts. Here they receive, with moderate labor, clothing and food, a cottage, wife, and children, a little property, with protection and security, and have many happier hours, perhaps, than the poor peasants in Europe, and so they possess a degree of cultivation, and, as laborers, become useful members of human we have furnished the land, which must forever remain unfruitful without their help, (as the European constitution is exhausted by the heat,) with laborers who were a thousand times worse off in their own country? Is it so very great an evil that they suffer under? Should the standard of European notions of freedom and the dignity of man and natural rights be applied to beings so inferior? The enthusiasts in Europe, who fill the world with their cry, and who are answerable for the consequences, judge like blind men, of colors. Even the clever mulattoes might be happy, were they only contented. But the blacks *are* contented, for we take care of them according to their nature. Rarely does a really bad lot fall to them; for, for whose interest is it to injure his own dearly-purchased property? The authority of the planter over his black laborers and servants is paternal. The lazy only are punished, and so it is all the world over, but the negroes are rather our house inmates, our children, whose education we have undertaken, or rather, whom God has entrusted to our care. And now, why will they, with cruel bands, tear them from their comfortable condition, and with the slaves, destroy us also?"

The beautiful woman spoke with soft and gentle tones, sighed painfully over the delusions which she exposed, and when she spoke of the comforts of the slaves, raised her eyes to Heaven with an appealing expression of devout trust.

Suddenly there sounded, above all the din of work going on on the plantation, an appalling cry, the piercing shriek of mortal agony.

The clang of the smithy, the clatter of the coopers, even the rattling of the machines was, for a moment, drowned. A knot of black figures suddenly rushed out of the sugar-mill.

(*To be continued.*)

From the London Punch.

SCRATCHES AT NATURE WITH A FREE GILLOTT.*

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

(*Aquila Repudiatrix*, LINN. *Aigle Coquin*, BUFF.)

This unclean bird of the ancients, though classed among the Eagles, seems in its aspect and peculiarities rather to resemble the Vulture tribe. It must not, however, be confounded with the "King Vulture," of Bewick, as it is a republican bird. It is distinguished from others by being curiously marked with stripes and stars. Its flight resembles that of the kite. Its voracity is something tremendous; it preys chiefly on the raccoon, the Texas oppossum, and the green snake of California; but it is also extremely fatal to the largest species of goose called the Creditor. (*Anser Extraordinarius*, LINN *Joli Marin*, BUFF.) which it decoys into accompanying it to its own haunts by an affectation of honest friendship, apparently finding means to persuade the foolish bird that more ample supplies and thorough security will be found there; the unfortunate goose, thus entrapped, is then at once despatched by its ruthless betrayer.

It is one peculiarity of the Eagle, that he invariably performs the operation of plucking his victim, which he does as neatly as the most accomplished cook. This process has been admirably described by that excellent natural historian, the late Rev. Sydney Smith, who was an eye witness of the capture and plucking of several Creditor Geese by the American Eagle, in the manner explained somewhere in the State of Pennsylvania.

The Eagle is also partial to the flesh of negroes, which it will seize with evident gusto. An antipathy is evinced by this bird to that of the British Lion, (*Leo Verus Ceruleus*, LINN.; *Lion Bonhomme*, BUFF.) whom, in spite of his strength and courage, it even contrives occasionally to dislodge from his own hunting grounds, in Oregon and elsewhere. This is performed by a number of the Eagles building their unpleasant nests in his neighborhood, by which the Lion is gradually driven further and further off, till at length he finds himself deprived of the whole of his accustomed haunt, merely by this "masterly inactivity" on the part of his inferior opponent. American naturalists affirm, that the Eagle is constantly seen to "whip the British Lion," though how this can be performed it seems impossible to explain, and the statement is commonly classed with the majority of American assertions.

A sort of alliance has been remarked to exist between the Eagle and the Gallic Cock, (*Gallus tolerabilis bonus*, LINN.: *Coq assez-respectable*, BUFF.) owing, probably, to their sharing in the antipathy to the British animal; but this is a strange and unnatural alliance, for the gallant Cock, with all his faults, is a much more valuable bird.

Many eminent naturalists, who have watched the American species now under discussion, are of opinion that the race is becoming deteriorated, and losing some high distinctions which it undoubtedly possessed: the colors grow dimmer, and it is expected that (if the deterioration continues) the stars which adorn the wing of the bird will be all extinguished; the stripes on the back, however, are likely to be greatly multiplied.

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* By the author of "Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil."

A PRISON DEATH.

BY MIKE WALSH.

Who can paint it? How much of bitter anguish, hopeless desolation, and heart-chilling horror is contained in that brief sentence? What the reflections of the poor forsaken and unfortunate are, during the few hours preceding final disolution, no human being can ever imagine. Stretched on a bare board, or a miserable sop of dirty straw, in a dark and dreary cell, scarcely larger than the narrow hole that is to be his final resting-place—with no one to commune with but his own troubled and corroding heart, and the God before whom he is about to be shortly summoned, what must be the reflections of the dying prisoner's mind? What the cheerless, withering agony of his last moments? No wife, no parent, no child, to smooth, with words of deep and pitying concern, his stormy passage from a life of sorrow, suffering, and shame, to a doubtful and appalling eternity, he groans for his troubled spirit, unheard and unheeded by any fellow-being, while the hideous ghost of his crimes sits upon him like a nightmare, and trumpets through his racked and aching brain that it has been summoned by the Recording Angel to accompany him to the judgment seat of Heaven, and there bear damning testimony against his soul. There is a deep depth of heart-torturing wo—a desolate and desparing desolation about the whole picture, from the contemplation of which the mind involuntarily shrinks with shuddering horror. He dies, with full, blood-freezing consciousness that even his dishonored name will never be thought upon by his nearest relative, (if relative he have,) without blushing at the disgraceful connection, and cursing the hour that first introduced him as an actor on the world's stage. When at length he sinks into the long, dark sleep of death, so little notice is taken of the event, that not unfrequently his next door neighbor remains totally ignorant of the fact. A rough pine box is speedily brought after the discovery of his demise, into which his cold corpse is thrown with more indecent carelessness than if it were that of the most worthless dog. A few coarse and disgusting jests, or a few beastly and brutal remarks, as may be suggested by the peculiar circumstances of the case, are usually passed by the hardened attaches in attendance, and very often responded to by most of the prisoners within hearing, after which he is hastily borne off—with as little ceremony as if a portion of God's spirit had never animated him—by some of his fellow prisoners, for one or more of whom, although they little dream it, the same hapless and dreadful destiny is perhaps reserved.

General Items.

Mysterious.—The New Orleans Tropic states that an eminent commercial house of that city, has received instructions to charter a vessel, either for Vera Cruz or Tampico, for the purpose of conveying thither a gentleman who has recently arrived at the North, from England, together with four companions. The letter to that effect, which has been exhibited to us, states that the party in question having powerful reasons for avoiding the Havana route, applied to our Government, at Washington, for permission to proceed to Mexico unmolested, and to charter a vessel with that view at New Orleans.

The request was not only granted, but instructions have been forwarded to Commodore Connor to facilitate the object of the travellers, by transferring them on board of an English man-of-war, whence they can be easily landed at either of the above mentioned places. The vessel will be ready to leave by the first of July.

The gentleman alluded to is Mr. Francis Morphy, who is a brother of the Mexican Embassador at London.

Mexico, the U. S brig-of-war Somers was sent to Yucatan, to ascertain in what political condition the people of the Peninsula regarded themselves, and to assure them of the entire indisposition of this country to subject them to any of the penalties of the war.

At the time of the arrival of the Somers, the overtures of the Central Government for reconciliation were before the Yucatan Congress, but found few friends. They have now been formally rejected, and the entire independence, nationality, and sovereignty of Yucatan announced. A national flag has been adopted in conformity, bearing three stars, in imitation of the flag of this country. The bark Joaquina, which arrived here on Saturday, was the first to display the new banner in our waters. It is considered highly probable that Tobasco and Chiapa will follow the example of Yucatan, and, perhaps, the three form a separate confederation, for which, from their compactness and relative positions, they are well suited. This will give a front both on the Gulf and the Pacific ocean, the province of Chiapa lying behind Yucatan, and shutting it from the last named sea.—*N. O. Bulletin, June* 23.

A Day after the Fair.—The *Cleveland Plaindealer*, one of the ablest Locofoco papers in Ohio, takes strong ground against adding any more territory to the Union to be cursed with Slavery. Here is an extract:

"The West has but to say that no more slave territory shall be annexed to this Union, and the dark tide of Slavery will be stayed. It is only in the new Democratic States of the West that this conservative power is to be found. Look at the narrow strip of free territory on the North American continent. We are hemmed in with the parallel of forty-nine, and British Slavery on the North, and Mason & Dixon's line, with African Slavery on the South. The two realms of tyranny unite to lessen our limits, as in the late Oregon question, and it is time the lovers of freedom should unite in opposing the common enemy by fixing bounds to their aggressions.

"Now we have no objection to annexing California, and even the whole of Mexico, with this proviso, that 'Slavery shall not be admitted.' Let the word be passed along the lines, and let the motto be written on the back of every man's vote when the question arises: 'No more slave territory.'"

The National Anti-Slavery Standard has just commenced its seventh volume, under the editorial management of Mr. Sydney Howard Gay. The directors of the American Anti-Slavery Society, determined to do their utmost to extend its doctrines, and to diffuse *information*, have now fixed the subscription price of the Standard at $1 00 per annum, invariably in advance. This makes the Standard the cheapest of all the weekly papers in the country; and nothing but an immense circulation will enable the Society to continue it on such terms. We trust the experiment may be fully successful, and we invite all persons desirous of taking an Anti-Slavery journal, to subscribe at once to the Standard Among its contributors are to be, Eliza Lee Follen, John Weiss, Charles F. Briggs, Wendell Phillips, James Russell Lowell, Maria W. Chapman, Wm. H. Channing, Thomas T. Stone, and Edmund Quincy,—a most splendid corps of writers.—*Boston Christian World.*

"Under what King, Bezonian?"—Hon. Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire, has sailed for Europe—disgusted, it is said, at the course of things in the Granite State, and seeking, doubtless, that measure of health and repose which his active mind and *restless spirit* might in vain crave on his old theatre of labor. We had not supposed him either the *attaché* of any establishment here, or to be classed in the category of "curiosities" consigned to any one abroad—much less, "for the *royal* family"—until reading the following item, "word for word, and comma for comma," in the Boston Post:—

"Among the passengers in the Great Western, which sailed from New-York on Friday, we notice the names of Hon. Isaac Hill and P. T. Barnum, of the American Museum, with the talking machine and several other curiosities for the royal family."—*Boston Sun.*

Petition for Freedom.—A slave case was before the city court, when we went to press. It is one of unusual interest, as will be inferred when we state that Senator Johnson and James M. Buchanan are retained on behalf of the petitioner for freedom, (Lucy Crawford,) while no fewer lawyers than Charles F. Pitts, Thomas Yates Walsh, Thomas S. Alexander, and Thomas F. Bowie, (the latter of Prince George's county,) are retained by the respondent, Hope H. Slatter, the slave-dealer, to whom Emily, who is a black woman, aged about forty, was sold by her mistress, Mrs. Martha Ann Scott, of Prince George's, after having paid for herself, $159 out of $180, which, according to the testimony, was the sum stipulated to be paid for her freedom. The history of our black laws, traced by Reverdy Johnson, in his masterly manner, as also by his talented colleague, was deeply interesting. But we prefer to postpone further reference to them until we have the verdict of the jury, which mainly depends upon the decision of the court upon certain points of law raised by the defence. The result will be anxiously awaited by many whose sympathies have been awaked in behalf of this petitioner for that sweetest of all earthly boons, liberty!—*Baltimore Visiter.*

Newspaper Literature.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Atlas says, that Eugene Sue, Dumas, Scribe, and in fact almost every French writer of any distinction, are now at work for the daily press, "the intellectual life of the nineteenth century—the great agent of modern civilization," as Dickens terms it. Even the British Quarterly Review admits "that there is no capital on earth where good newspaper writing is better paid than in Paris, and no capital where better newspaper writing is produced; if there, indeed, be any capital where so good is fabricated." The leading articles of the leading daily journals of London, such as the Times, the Chronicle, and the Daily News, are written with great strength, vigor, and boldness of tone, but being for the most part composed on the spur of the moment, bear about them, occasionally, marks of haste, incorrectness, and inelegance. The French leading articles in the Debats and the Constitutionnel, are written more carefully, and in a more chaste and classic style. The writers in French papers have sometimes twenty-four hours, and often a week, to prune, to elaborate, and to polish.

It is stated that the whole population of Texas, including the blacks, is not larger than that of Rhode Island, and that the cost of Annexation will not fall short of two hundred millions of dollars, or about fifteen hundred dollars to every man, reckoning the population of this State at one hundred and thirty-two thousand. Texans are evidently worth something, especially if we add the cost to which many of them have subjected this country in its criminal proceedings.—*Providence Transcript.*

Lost Treasure Found—Successful Enterprise.—The brig Francis Amy arrived at this port yesterday from her second voyage of exploration and search after the treasure of the ship-of-war "San Pedro," which was sunk off the Spanish Main in the year 1815. We understand she has recovered this voyage about the sum of *thirty-five thousand dollars* in Spanish dollars. This money was found at the bottom of the sea, about three feet under the sand, and beneath a coral formation, in sixty feet water. The whole amount recovered from the wreck thus far is something more than *sixty thousand dollars*. Nobody has been injured in the expedition in health or limb.—*Baltimore American.*

A son of ex-Governor Lincoln, of Massachusetts, who distinguished himself in the battles of the 8th and 9th of May, has been nominated as Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of Captain.

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE STANDARD.

CYRUS M. BURLEIGH, Plainfield, Ct
CHARLES ATKINSON, Marion, Grant co Ia
J. MILLER M'KIM, Philadelphia, Pa
AMARANCY PAINE, Providence, R I
PLINY SEXTON, Palmyra, "
J. C. HATHAWAY, Farmington, Ontario co N Y
THOMAS McCLINTOCK, Waterloo, "
SLOCOMB HOWLAND, Sherwood's Corners, Cayuga co N
L. STONE, Oberlin, Ohio,
ROBERT F. WALCUTT, Boston, Mass
JESSE HOLMES, New Lisbon, Columbiana co Ohio
K. G. THOMAS, Marlborough, Stark co Ohio
ISAAC LEWIS, Short Creek, Harrison co, Ohio
E. D. HUDSON, Springfield, Mass
JAMES A. BURR, Ludlowville, N Y